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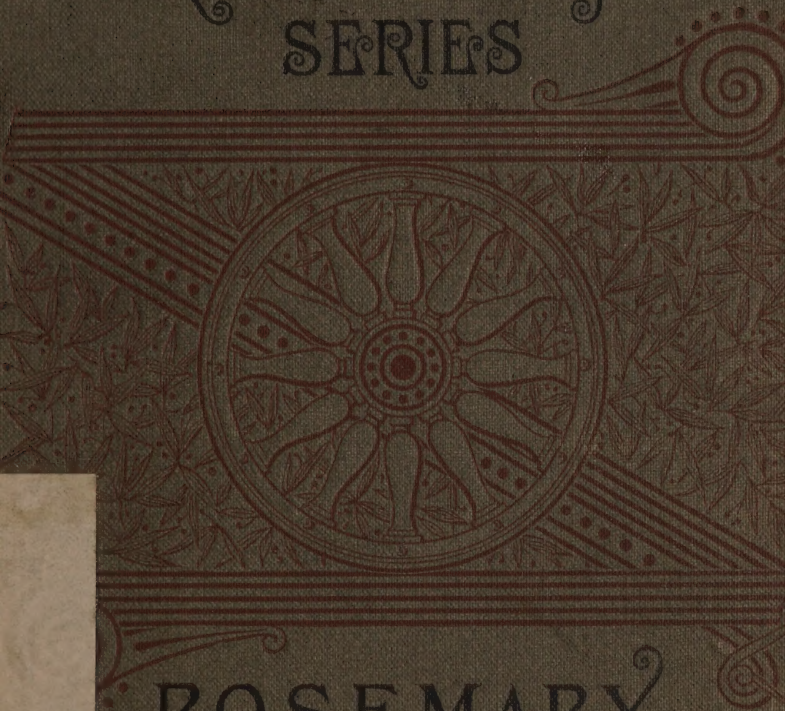

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"The rosemarie for memorie
And rue that is regrette."

Round-Robin Series

Rosemary and Rue

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1881

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"The lore of Christ and his apostles twelve
He taught; but first he followed it himselve."

CHAUCER.

ROSEMARY AND RUE.

CHAPTER I.

ALMOST A MARTYR.

EARLY in the war of the Revolution, a singular procession halted at the "Gammon and Spinach," a modest New-Bedford inn but little known to fame. This procession had, for its point of attraction, a venerable coach drawn by two stout horses. Though dusty and travel-worn, a gilded coat-of-arms was dimly visible upon the panels of the door, and tarnished gold lace edged the velvet valance depending from the driver's seat and rumble. It had been an imposing vehicle in its day; and yet it was hardly an object of sufficient interest

to have attracted the motley retinue which followed it, — a retinue made up of sailors, slatternly women, curious townspeople, and every idle lounger on its path. The crowd was evidently attracted by the incongruous appearance of the persons occupying the seats usually filled by servants in livery. An old man held the reins, and gazed in an absent-minded manner about him. His expression was rapt and spiritual, and his mind was evidently so busied with internal communings that he was only half-conscious of his surroundings. He was dressed in the severest garb of the Quakers, — a plain suit of ashen drab surmounted by a white beaver broad-brim, from under which a fringe of soft hair, white as llama wool, fell upon his shoulders. Beside him sat a young girl, who shrank from the scrutiny of the crowd, and pressed her poke-bonnet more closely about her burning cheeks, as the most audacious jostled each other for a view of her face. A Canton crape shawl, of a pale ashes-

of-roses tint, draped her shoulders; and she held a small satin bag, from which she occasionally drew printed tracts and circulars, which she dropped into eager hands stretched upward to receive them. The footman of this singular equipage seemed to be arrayed in caricature of the sober and respectable Friends upon the box. An ungainly young man, with lanky sorrel locks, he was clothed awkwardly in a suit of an abominable liver-color. He supported himself wearily by clinging to the straps, and rested himself by standing alternately on either leg, while the jolting of the coach threw him from one side to the other of the narrow rumble.

The crowd commented vociferously as they ran beside the coach.

"What thinkee, Ben Bunting? be they true Quakers?"

"Nay, nay, they be younkers rigged up in Quaker togs for a lark. Who ever saw Quakers riding upon a coach?"

"It be a show, I'll wager," shrilled Free-love Hussey. "Take me to it, Ben, and give me a shilling for a riband to make myself smart."

"Ever since they brought the lion in the cart, and lodged it at Madam Rotch's stable, thou hast been mad for shows," replied Good-wife Gridley; "but, if this be a show, where, then, is the beast?"

"Within the coach," shouted a small boy from the rural districts: "I heard him snort or growl when we halted at the toll-gate, and I asked him on the shelf if there were not a beast within; and he made answer, 'Yea, a right fearsome one, even the ten-horned dragon of the Revelation.'"

"A beast! a beast!" echoed the crowd, surging tumultuously, some endeavoring to press closer, and others to get away from a possibly dangerous proximity in case the caged animal should happen to regain his liberty. Their curiosity was effectually baffled when,

on their arrival at the inn, the coach was driven into the stable-yard, and the travellers betook themselves to the interior of the house.

"What says the bill?" inquired one of the disappointed; and one who had secured a paper from the hand of the fair Quakeress mounted the horse-block, and read as follows:—

"PEACE AND GOOD-WILL TO ALL MEN.

"Be it known: That Selah Greene and other Friends in his company will hold a meeting on fourth day of ye present week at Isaac Noah's sugar warehouse (in Fayal), on the water-side of New Bedford, being the quarter of the Portuguese Jews.

"Whereat, if the Spirit so lead, he will show forth the iniquity of war in general, and of privateering in particular, whereby our sometime fair haven of New Bedford hath been converted from a nest of peaceful whalers to a den of Thieves."

"Did I not tell ye?" exclaimed Ben Bunting in triumph: "they be making game of the canting, hypocritical Quakers. We shall have

snuffling prayers and long-peace speeches; and we shall wind up with a jolly hornpipe, and other rare sport. Freelove, take this half-crown, and hoist up enough pennants at your main-royal to make every landsman think you have an admiral in tow."

Ben Bunting's solution was received with acclamations; and the crowd scattered, unanimously determined to meet at Isaac Noah's sugar-house in the evening.

It so chanced that Major Fearing (than whom no man was more inappropriately named) called soon after at the inn, and recognized the patriarch of the little party of travellers as an itinerant minister of some note. In the course of their conversation, Selah Greene gave the following explanation of his entry into the city:—

"My daughter Rosemary, Friend Eliakim Krawl, and myself are come from Newport on truth's service, having been furthered therein by many singular providences; first

among which being the securing of an audience-room through my good friend Moses Lopez, a Hebrew of Newport, who writ to a Hebrew of this place, and bespoke his sugar-warehouse for our occasions. The second notable providence, whereby the finger of God was to be descried, was the lending to us of a coach and a pair of fleet horses by Joseph Wanton, whilom governor of Rhode Island. The Lord making both Papists (or Episcopalians, who are but little better) and Jews to serve our turn. We journeyed hitherward very comfortably so far as Tiverton. Setting out from whence this morning, we found that we were proceeding at a rate much faster than was convenient; and at length, as we spake to the driver, behold, we found him asleep; and when awakened, behold, he was intoxicated. Whereupon there seemed nought to be done but to accord to him the interior of the coach, and ourselves to undertake the conduct of the same, which afforded us much serious converse on the evil of hard drinking."

Major Fearing burst into hearty laughter at this explanation of the ludicrous plight of the Friends; but his face speedily lengthened as he looked over one of the small hand-bills.

"It is not possible," he exclaimed, "that you intend to speak on peace in Fayal this evening. Why, man, peace is no longer possible: even abject surrender to our British tyrant would scarce secure it, and that is something which our colonies would never consent to. Your audience will be made up of the most warlike of our patriots, privateers from the ships 'Wilful Murder' and 'Sturdy Beggar,' now in Buzzard's Bay. You will be suspected as a Tory, and will surely fall into mischief, if you persist in this undertaking."

"When I heard the voice of the Spirit, one year agone, bidding me to undertake the pacifying of the colonies, immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood."

Major Fearing turned angrily upon his heel, muttering, "You would set out straightway for

the bottomless pit, if you thought the Lord authorized the expedition."

"Yea," replied Selah, "well knowing that He who had sent me had power also to draw me thence; or, if such were not his will, to accomplish some good by my continuance in that dolorous place."

That evening Isaac Noah's sugar-warehouse was crowded. The air was blue with tobacco-smoke; and the audience amused itself, while waiting for the show, with low jests, ribald songs, and rough-and-tumble dancing and scuffling. Freelove Hussey, hanging on the arm of Ben Bunting, displayed the colors of all nations in the ribbons with which her hair was ornamented; each particular streamer trembling with her eagerness to see the wonderful ten-horned beast.

As the Friends entered, and took their seats upon the platform, a hush fell upon the expectant audience, — a hush which the Friends seemed to have no intention of breaking, as

they sat apparently absorbed in prayer, and unconscious that an assembly awaited their words. The crowd caught the idea, after a while, that this was a clever parody of the well-known practice of the Quakers; and, applauding with all their might, they called loudly for the show to begin. Still there was no word from the performers, nor any movement, except that Rosemary shrank closer to her father's side. At length Eliakim Krawl arose, and poured out his soul mightily in the exercise of supplication, with many opprobrious allusions to the privateers present, who interrupted his prayer with frequent applause, taking it all as an excellent joke. When he had finished, Selah Greene took his place, and began speaking in a low, mild voice, which rose, as he felt himself inspired, to a chant of rhapsody in the praise of peace, and a fervid and eloquent denunciation of war, describing, as another early Philo Pacificus has done, the squadron of angel reapers following the army

on the battle-field, and gathering their harvest of souls for damnation. The audience were undeceived at once: here were no maskers upon a frolic, but a man terribly in earnest. Whispers of "Madman!" passed from mouth to mouth, while a few cried out upon the shamelessness of advertising a show and entrapping people in a religious meeting. As the conviction spread that this was no farce, the ill names which the privateers had been called by the first speaker lost their humorous character; and some one muttered, "Spies and Tories," while another proposed dipping the ranters in the bay. The confusion increased, and drowned the old man's voice: he sat down meekly, and awaited the result. A rush was made to the platform; but no one mounted it, for the young girl rose, and, laying aside her disfiguring bonnet, came forward quietly to meet them. She paused at the edge of the platform, and spoke clearly, in a voice full of gentleness and sweetness, —

"Dear friends, ye do grievously mistake. They of the Friends' meeting have ever been lovingly minded toward these colonies. Ye can but know how that some of your own ships were dissuaded from entering the harbor of Nantucket (and so from being taken by the British frigate at anchor there) by wafts and signals from the roofs of houses belonging to Friends. If my father hath lifted up his single voice against war, it is because he loves this land too dearly to see it laid waste by the destroyer. And ye might have the more patience with him, seeing that his words are as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, and that no one giveth heed thereto, so that your designs for warfare are no whit endangered thereby."

"That's so," exclaimed Ben Bunting. "Let the crack-brained fool whistle: he can do no harm." But even as he spoke, a divergence was created by the entrance of some curious young men who had been attracted by loud

cries and thumping in the stable-yard of the inn, and had rescued from the coach the now thoroughly awakened driver. He denounced the Quakers as Tories, and asserted that they were carrying him about as a prisoner because he had discovered that they were spies. Sentiment was now entirely against the Friends. Selah Greene and Eliakim Krawl were seized, their arms pinioned, and a procession formed to escort them to the whipping-post. As they filed out of the building, a young man in the dress of a naval captain, who had kept a narrow watch on all the proceedings from an inconspicuous position near the door, pressed close enough to the prisoners to catch their attention. Rosemary was walking bravely by her father's side, her face pallid with despair, until, meeting the glance of the young officer, there flashed across it a look of recognition and confidence. It was only a momentary meeting, for when she looked for him again he was gone.

Isaac Noah, who had waited till the crowd was well out to lock his warehouse, hurried off to find Major Fearing, who had already anticipated something of this kind, and had passed by the sugar-house with his militia-men a short time before, but, finding all quiet and orderly, was now marching homeward. He faced about on receiving the intelligence of the breathless Jew, and, following briskly on the track of the privateers, overtook them opposite Long Wharf. His demand for their prisoners was met with the reply that he should have them when the sailors were through with them; and a hand-to-hand fight at once took place, the militia forcing the privateersmen upon the wharf, and nearly tearing the Quakers in pieces in their attempts to rescue them. A large rowboat fully manned approached the end of the wharf at this juncture; and the same officer who had disappeared so suddenly a short time before, stood up and hailed the body-guard of the prisoners. "Bring them

here, lads," he cried. "We'll get them on board ship, and then we'll do for them."

Ben Bunting responded to the call at once, handing down the non-resisting prisoners into the boat, and was following them himself, when, to his intense astonishment and disgust, the boat pushed off, and he fell into the water. Without waiting to ascertain the fate of Ben, or the result of the skirmish, the officer — whom we will now introduce as Royal Coddington, captain of the American privateer "New Broome" — hurried the Quakers on board his ship, where every attention was paid to their wants.

"Surely thou wert sent to our aid by a special Providence," ejaculated Selah Greene.

"I received word yesterday, by a schooner from Newport from Moses Lopez, that you were to hold a meeting at New Bedford," replied Coddington; "and he charged me to see to your safety."

"Moses Lopez hath always been our Providence," murmured Rosemary gratefully.

The sea was opaline with sunrise reflections as they drifted into the harbor of Nantucket, where the Friends were left with short leave-taking; for the dark hull of the frigate "Rose" lay between them and the eastern sky, and a puff of smoke and a threatening boom saluted the arrival of the daring little ship, which waited not for any further courtesies, but glided swiftly out of harm's way.

"With his eyes as black as the fruit of the thorn,
And his hooky nose, and his beard half-shorn,
Like a half-converted rabbin."

THOMAS HOOD.

CHAPTER II.

MOSES LOPEZ.

"FRIEND MOSES, art thou a Christian?" The girl's voice was full of sweetness; and the blue eyes looked up with such a depth of earnest concern, that even a Jew could not be angry, and Moses Lopez laid aside his goose-quill, while, with a hand yellow as parchment, he smoothed and stroked his eyebrows, until the sensitive hairs which bristled up like the antennæ of some irritable insect lay smooth again.

"Little one," he replied in a voice of equal kindness, "I am not of the same kindred, nation, or people, as thyself: I am a Jew."

Rosemary felt that he had wilfully misunderstood her. "Thou knowest that I meant not thy country or thy nation. Hast thou a saving

interest in the Lord Jesus? dost thou love Christ?"

Again the Jew's eyebrows bristled menacingly. They were peculiar eyebrows, strongly resembling the band of marten's-fur that bordered his velvet skull-cap; rings of soft black hair curled closed to the brows, but the white hairs with which they were silvered were long and vibrant, and had the quality before mentioned of erecting themselves when the man was annoyed. This time they did not settle readily; but the yellow hand, bent into a claw-like shape from much clutching of the quill, patted and petted them until they quivered uneasily into place.

"It often happeneth," he said, speaking with forced deliberation, "that two people of different languages may have the same thought in their minds, and yet may not be able to come at a common understanding of the same, for the lack of a common word whereby to express it. Try to figure to yourself, little one, that I

am of a different spiritual language from thyself, and that I cannot find the word Christ in my dictionary. Canst thou not by some other word make clear thy thought?"

Rosemary did not hesitate. "Dost thou, then, fear God?"

"Ah! now we have a word which we both may understand. It is written in the book of morals, the thread on which the different good qualities of human beings are strung, as pearls, is the fear of God. I have not many pearls, little one, but I have the cord."

"Then," exclaimed Rosemary joyfully, "thou art a Christian."

"Nay, little one, it is the possession of this thread which proves me a Jew."

"Then, it is no matter which we call it, since it is the same thing; and thou mayest call me a Jewess, since thou likest not that I should call thee a Christian."

"They of the synagogue would hardly acknowledge you, little one, nor the rabbis of

your people grant me the name that you have given me; but" — And here there sprang simultaneously to the lips of each a verse from the Scriptures which both held sacred: "Doubtless Thou art our father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not."

This little scene had taken place two years previous to the events with which our story opens. Selah Greene was then travelling throughout the colonies, preaching the abolition of slavery to unappreciative hearers. Rosemary, whose mother had died when she was an infant, was left quite alone in her father's cottage in Newport, until an early friend of her mother, the wife of Gov. Wanton, pitying the child's loneliness, took her to her own house and heart. It was here that she had first met the Jew, Moses Lopez, a learned and wealthy man of some fifty-five years of age, who came to the governor's house to aid in translating and transcribing such state papers as happened to be in a foreign language.

Here, too, was Royal Coddington, not at that time a privateersman, but the governor's private secretary, who had listened with much amusement, from behind a screen of books, to what he was pleased to call her harmony of the Old and New Testaments.

"I thank you, Moses," he said afterward, when Rosemary had left the room, "for answering little Rosemary so gently when she spoke to you about religion. 'Tis a sore point with you, I know; and I waited to see her dissolve in tears after one of your cutting speeches."

"It is written," replied Lopez, "men should be careful lest they cause women to weep, for God counts their tears."

Royal Coddington fidgeted uneasily, and brushed some imaginary dust from his immaculate satin waistcoat, while a flush suffused his handsome face. "But Rosemary is such a delicious little bigot that it is impossible not to laugh at her. She met me in the garden the

other day, and asked me why I had departed from the plain speech and dress of the Quakers, and whether I were still a true Friend at heart. Whereat I replied in a jesting manner that I was her true friend. I could see that I vexed her sore; but she made answer, that, in spite of my light speech, she believed I was in some manner a truly seeking young man. Upon this I could not forbear answering, that indeed she had divined the truth, for I sought her affection. Whereat she burst into tears, and I could in no wise make my peace with her."

Moses Lopez scowled ominously. "Was it manly to jest thus, think you, Royal Coddington?"

"But I jested not," replied the young man: "I was never more in earnest in my life, and some day I may perchance convince her of the same."

"Are you quite satisfied that this is for the best, my son?" asked Lopez more gently.

"And why not? Rosemary is a little too

rigid, a little too much of an enthusiast, but she is young; she will change."

"You say well that she will change," replied Lopez, "but have you thought to what? Rosemary is a tightly closed rosebud, whose color we can as yet only guess: this green sheath of religious repression, which is most prominent now, is only the calyx; it will take a subordinate place as the blossom expands."

"I venture a guess that it will be a white rose and a sweet one," said the younger man.

"Perchance," replied the elder; "but there are possibilities in Rosemary which you have not fathomed. Have you seen her gaze at the clothing of the fine ladies who visit the house, until every flower on their blossomed brocade gowns, and every film of lace of their ruffles, is stamped on her brain? Have you seen her in the garden worshipping the flowers?"

"If Rosemary loves fine clothes, when she is my wife she shall have them," interrupted Royal.

"It was not womanly vanity: there was no greed of covetousness in her gaze, only a hungry feeding upon the beautiful."

"If Rosemary loves to look upon beautiful objects, then will I make all speed to present her with a looking-glass," laughingly replied Royal.

Moses Lopez made a gesture of disgust. "You are of too light a nature to understand Rosemary," he said. "No wonder that you are satisfied with her: are you also satisfied with yourself? With us Hebrews, betrothal is *Kiddushin* or sanctification, and marriage *Hilloola*, or a song of sacred praise. Are you worthy to join in such a song?"

The young man flushed indignantly. "Perhaps you do not quite understand my capabilities," he muttered as he turned upon his heel.

"Young and handsome," grumbled Lopez to himself, — "young and handsome. When one is young, one has all the world before him. When one is old, one has only heaven!"

All of Madam Wanton's daughters had married and flitted; but the spacious rooms that had once been filled with laughter and frolic were still peopled, to her loving fancy, with the gliding ghosts of memory; and each room was preserved in the same condition that it had been left. In the parlors below, Coffee Cockroach, the footman, had less trouble now than formerly to keep every thing in the ceremonious state required; for Miss Catharine's ballads no longer littered the spinnet, nor did Miss Ruth's parrot tangle its claws in Miss Polly's crewels, nor Miss Anne strew the floor with cake-crumbs. But above stairs, the solitary mother passed from room to room, arranging and re-arranging each souvenir of her daughters' presence. Now she paused to water Miss Ruth's flowers, which had quite filled and overgrown their window: the pale salmon and bright canary-colored tea-roses, — the only tea-roses then known in this country, called then China roses; the ladies'-delights, the box of

Lord Anson's sweet-peas, the royal Brompton stock, Queen Anne's needlework, mignonnette, and gillyflower. It was marvellous, the mother thought, how fond Ruth was of flowers, and of her tropical bird, the parrot; and now she had gone to live in Bermuda, the wife of the governor. Anne had shared Ruth's room; and the windows toward the bay were curtainless, for Anne loved the sea, and could not bear that her view of it should be interrupted; and Anne had married her cousin Winthrop Saltonstall of New London, a name not to be forgotten in the annals of the first navy of the United States. Catharine's room, with the best set of mahogany furniture, and the coat-of-arms of the family worked in crewels and hung above her cheval-glass, was hardly less cold and proud when Catharine occupied it; for Catharine, now the wife of Dr. Destailleur, a surgeon in the British army, was the aristocrat of the family. Polly's room, across the hall, was white as driven snow with its dimity

curtaining and valancing. And so Madam Wanton, passing from room to room, lived on in fantasy, until her yearning mother-heart refused to be fed longer on such cold intellectual bread, and reached out for some real child on which to lavish its love. When Rosemary first entered the house, Madam Wanton bade her choose the room she liked best for her own. She stood almost awe-struck on the sill of Polly's chamber, shrine-like in its purity, and, turning to Madam Wanton, said quaintly, "My father hath told me that in countries of perpetual snow, the beasts, from the great polar bear to the little ermine, do mostly partake of the same whiteness. Perchance, if I abode continually in this chamber, I also might become white of soul."

But when the door of Ruth's chamber was opened, there was a revulsion of feeling. She saw a window filled with bloom; a faded red-silk quilt stuffed with down upon the bed, warming the eye with its spot of color as a

great living coal might have done; a square of dull brick-red, faded lilac, and tourmaline green carpet upon the floor, a very Persian rug in its soft tints; a tiny corner fireplace filled with hemlock boughs resting on andirons of bright bell-metal; a strange tapestry-patterned paper, combining many pictures, upon the walls, serving for a background to a bureau of inlaid woods with swinging brass handles, and a small decorated toilet-table, brought from Japan by an old sea-captain. Best of all, she saw the two other wide windows open toward the sea, with Anne's hammock swung beside them; and, clapping her hands with a girl's unrestrained delight, she threw her arms about the neck of her patroness. There was no critical analysis of reasons. The argument that she might grow good in the white room was forgotten in the feeling that she could not but be happy here.

Madam Wanton proceeded with Rosemary's education according to a plan which she had

adopted with her daughters, engaging a variety of masters, and retaining only those for whose departments Rosemary showed an aptitude. Thus Master Trotter, the dancing-teacher, visited the house but once; the organist of Trinity Church, who came to instruct her upon the harpsichord, voluntarily resigned the attempt, after a term of painful and unsuccessful perseverance on Rosemary's part; but Monsieur Bonnemot continued his French lessons while she remained at the governor's mansion; and twice a week there came to her the greatest happiness of her present very happy life, that of visiting and drawing in the studio of the young artist Samuel King. Wise Madam Wanton had discovered that the girl's ruling passion was an intense love of beauty. She had herself given Rosemary lessons in ornamental needlework, and had watched her play caressingly with her crewels, touching the pinks as tenderly as though they were roses, and warming her hands with a brilliant scar-

let skein as if it were a flame. The love of the beautiful in Rosemary was entirely disassociated from any idea of personal ornamentation. Self was quite forgotten in the severe repression of her until now strict religious life; and, as her soul awakened to an intense appreciation of the beauty of her surroundings, she was still sweetly ignorant that the loveliest object in the governor's stately mansion was her own lovely self.

"I brought the blossoms of romance,
And waved them at the gate of heaven."

T. Buchanan Read.

CHAPTER III.

SILENT WORSHIP.

WHILE Rosemary was busy with pencil and book, with yearnings after art, and with prayers for perishing souls, the great conflict between the Colonies and England began. The battle of Bunker Hill had been fought, and the legislature of Rhode Island voted the raising of an army of observation in readiness for further action. This measure the governor, Joseph Wanton, conscientious in his allegiance to his king, had the courage to veto, the most unpopular course which he could have pursued at the present juncture. Royal Coddington, although he admired his chief for his loyalty and courage, could not help feeling that duty led him in the other direction; and yet he was not quite decided

that the voice of the people in its present excited condition was the voice of God. There was a very easy solution to the difficulty: he could plead his Quaker parentage and inherited peace principles as excuse for not taking sides in the matter. But he was young, and this alternative seemed to him both cowardly and mean. He told his perplexities to Rosemary one morning on their way to the Friends' meeting. He carried her censer-shaped bag with its peach-colored satin lining just showing at the top; and as he swayed it by its long lutestring ribbons, a faint sweet odor of lavender was diffused, — an odor which reminded him ever afterward of Rosemary. He determined not to tell her of his love, she was so childlike in her innocence, until the present cloud of war had passed, and peaceful days come again. The trouble of the times pressed heavily upon men's souls, and that morning the Spirit moved no one to speak. All sat in funereal, hopeless silence. At length, just

as this silence was becoming almost unbearable, there was a little rustle, such as a dove might have made in fluttering down, and Rosemary stepped from the woman's side into the aisle. She handed her censer-shaped bag to a young man who happened to sit at the end of the seat opposite her own, and, clasping her small hands, sank upon her knees.

"O Thou who speakest through thy servants as through a trumpet," she prayed, "speak through thine handmaid this day, that the trumpet give forth no uncertain sound. If thou hast called thy people from peace to war, as thou didst thine Israel of old, may no soul here disregard the message. If thou hast called us to patient submission, help us to bear. But, O Lord, we beseech thee, make clear thy purpose, that all may act from a sense of accountableness to thee, and not from a base fear of losing this paltry life, or from a desire for the offices, friendships, and profits of this world" —

She paused, her voice wavered; the strong impulse which had prompted her to speak in meeting, an unusual thing for one so young as Rosemary, deserted her, and after a brief silence she rose timidly, and took her seat.

But the prayer had had its influence on Royal Coddington: the mists had cleared, the trumpet had sounded charge, and he was a patriot. He looked at the little bag resting on Eliakim Krawl's knee, and envied him that trifling service. As he looked, Eliakim took a letter from his pocket, and pushed it fumblingly into the bag. It was a letter which he had received from Rosemary's father; but Royal Coddington did not know this, and the act filled him with a sort of dumb rage, and changed his determination of waiting until the close of the war before declaring his mind to Rosemary. He carried her bag as they walked homeward; but Eliakim's letter burned within it, and he longed to throw the hateful thing into the sea. At one point in their walk they

were quite alone, and he said suddenly, "Rosemary, I do not believe in silent worship."

The young girl glanced up quickly; but there was nothing quizzical in his face, only a great tenderness melting in his eyes, and quivering about his handsome mouth.

"Truly he is a comely young man," thought Rosemary; and after a little pause she asked, "Hast thou never, then, Royal, felt the tendering effect of religious silence under the influence of divine circulating love?"

"Yes, I have felt it," cried the young man passionately; "and it is because I feel it so strongly, that I cannot keep silence any longer. I love you, Rosemary; and I must have your promise before I go away to the battle, for go I must."

Rosemary only trembled, and shrank away from him. "Say not so, friend Royal," she said. "I know not how it is with other maidens, but I have never felt drawings to enter the marriage state. I fear me I could never

love thee or any other with that singleness of heart which thou deservest."

"You have never tried to love any one but God, Rosemary: you do not know what love is; will you not make a guess at it?"

"Nay, friend Royal, I love my father, and I love the very soot with which I besmirch my fingers when I draw from casts; and I know that she who takes upon herself the vow that never can be broken should love with an affection stronger than either of these; and thou art worthy of such pre-eminence. And yet, and wherefore I know not, I cannot so love thee."

"You are too conscientious, Rosemary: let us wait until I return in peace, and then give me my answer. Nay, I will not bind you: I only ask, let *me* wait."

They were mounting the steps of the governor's mansion; in another moment they would be in the society of others; but Rosemary paused with her hand on the small brass knob.

"I fear that it will be but for thy grief, friend Royal," she said, "and perchance for future soreness of heart for us both; but it shall be as thou wilt, — thou hast my permission to wait."

And the young man entered the house foolishly light at heart, for he knew that this equivocal encouragement from Rosemary meant more than fervid protestations from many another.

"How came they here? what burst of Christian hate,
What persecution merciless and blind,
Drove o'er the sea — that desert desolate —
These Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind?"

LONGFELLOW.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SHEKEL.

ROYAL CODDINGTON left the next morning for Providence, to conclude his connection with the governor. A few weeks later, as Rosemary passed through the main hall, she noticed that Moses Lopez was preparing to leave. It was earlier than his usual time; and, instead of hanging his velvet skull-cap on the peg above his desk, he placed it in his pocket. This action struck her as peculiar; and she asked, "Has Joseph Wanton no further need of thee, friend Moses?"

"Nay," replied the Jew: "how should he, seeing that the State of Rhode Island hath no further need of him?" and he handed her a newspaper in which the action of the legislature in formally deposing the governor from

office was published. "He hath been a good and a kind friend to me," said Rosemary with tears in her eyes: "I do believe that the word 'gentleman' hath as full a showing in him as in any living, and I have the more grief for his tribulated condition in that he suffers for conscience' sake." As she spoke, her eye fell upon the following notice, which she read with surprise, for it was the first intimation of Royal Coddington's return to Newport, and of his actual assumption of a military career.

"All Gentlemen Volunteers who are desirous of making their fortunes in 8 weeks' time are hereby informed, that the new and swift sailing Privateer, called the New Broome, mounting 16 pieces and 4 Pounders Swivels and Small Arms compleat, will sail on a Cruise against the enemies of these colonies in eight days from the date hereof at farthest, and will have a good chance of taking prizes. She only waits for a few more gentlemen seamen or able-bodied landsmen, who, by applying on board said brig, will meet with good Encouragement.

"ROYAL CODDINGTON, *Commander.*

"MOSES LOPEZ, *Owner.*"

The girl's cheek paled as she read this announcement, but she met the Jew's scrutiny bravely. "I did not know that thou wert with us in the present struggle, friend Moses."

"I am with no one. I am against no one," said Lopez, ruffling his brows savagely. "We Hebrews have nothing to gain, and all to lose, no matter which side wins. My twenty-seven square-rigged vessels, which were bringing me in good profits from whaling and merchandise, will rot at the wharves or be burned at sea, and all my store of arrack and rum and molasses, with India goods and blubber, seized by rascally pirates. There is nothing for me to do but to turn pirate myself, and send out as many of them as I can man. Seventy per cent of pillage for the owner is not a bad percentage; but there are odds against me, — fearful odds."

"Thou art not so mercenary, friend Moses, as thou wouldst have me think. I have not forgotten how thou ceasedst from the slave-

trade when thy two ships were bringing in gainful cargoes of blackamoors, because of the conscience-convincing tract, writ by my father, which I gave thee."

The Jew smiled not unkindly. "I did not read your father's tract, little one. I ceased from sending my ships for slaves because your good opinion was worth more to me than the gain of the traffic. It was but fitting that I should make neither captives nor bondmen in the year of jubilee; and my heart has kept jubilee each year that I have known you, little one."

Shortly after the sailing of the "New Broome," Selah Greene returned from his anti-slavery mission. He had steadily maintained his habit of preaching the gospel in season and out of season, and of pressing upon a gainsaying generation sentiments a century in advance of his time. He fought his bloodless battles against slavery with all the temerity of a John Brown, nor ceased from the conflict until

he felt the Spirit calling him to another field. Men were now forgetting all other interests and even sins in the absorbing issues of the conflict in which the Colonies were involved. Even by his pre-occupied and visionary mind, the spirit of the times could not be misunderstood. America was a land of peace no longer. With a sublime disregard of consequences he set out upon a mission to which he believed himself divinely appointed, — that of pacifying the colonies. He returned, preaching peace as he came, and after much rough treatment arrived at Newport. On his way he had been derided and suspected alike by patriot and Tory. He had been whipped, imprisoned, pilloried, and compelled to march with the soldiers, his arms pinioned and a musket strapped to his body, "to the end that he might not be able to truly say that he had never borne arms." At Newport he rested but a few days, and set out again upon his mission, this time accompanied by Rosemary, who determined to shield her

father if possible from harm, and by Eliakim Krawl, a fanatical young man whose heart was divided by the ambition of being considered a prophet and the desire to win Rosemary as his wife. The result of this expedition has been already detailed. Selah Greene returned to Newport a heart-broken man. Some righteous indignation mingled with his grief, and he determined to shake off from his feet the dust of a country that would not listen to his words. In England there was peace and quietness, and to England he determined to go. In a few months the desired opportunity presented itself. Newport was in the hands of the British, and a small sailing-vessel was to set out upon its voyage to Liverpool under English colors. Rosemary was filled with grief. Her sympathies were entirely with the young country in its fierce struggle. It seemed base and cowardly to her to desert it in this way. Parting from her kind friend Madam Wanton was also a great grief; and her thoughts turned sadly to

the young man Royal Coddington, now upon the high seas, whom she might never meet again. She was walking this afternoon on Gravelly Point, where, a half-century before, twenty-six pirates were hanged, and their bodies carried to Goat Island, and buried there between high and low water mark. She wondered whether some such grave awaited Royal Coddington, — a grave deserted alike by land and sea, to which the waters returned only to cover it with slimy, dreadful things, and to slip loathingly away. She walked more quickly over the sands, which, beaten smooth before her, stretched like a roll of curling parchment, with lines of strange Oriental characters embossed in brown seaweed. The tangled lines made her think of Moses Lopez' papers. She could see the window of his small red counting-house on Queen Hythe, and she determined to call and bid him good-by. He was quite alone in his office, and delighted to see her. He gave her his high stool, and seated himself on

a cask at her feet, after which ensued a season of embarrassed silence, neither knowing exactly how to begin the conversation. If Rosemary had been a man, Moses Lopez, who had the entire encyclopædia of business at his finger-ends, would have touched at once upon his visitor's occupation; but he was not sure what topic would interest her most, and it was Rosemary who broke the silence by telling of their projected departure.

"Your father is a wise man," said Lopez sadly. "I would that I also were free to depart: a country with war in it is good only for a merchant of gunpowder or of brandy. My ships, excepting the privateers, which dare not come nigh the city, are rotting on the wharves, and I am an object of suspicion to the British. Riches are a sore burden: I must needs stay and guard that I have. But when you come again, little one, if Moses Lopez is no more, seek the town-clerk, and you will find with him my will. I have made you my

heiress in case my sister Huldah is never found."

"Nay, nay, my good friend," cried Rosemary much distressed, "hast thou no other kindred? and where didst thou lose the sister of whom thou speakest?"

"It was in Lisbon, little one, at the time of the great earthquake. Without doubt she sought the great quay, thinking with the multitude that here was a place of safety, — the great marble quay that sank into the fathomless sea with all its victims; for I found her not, nor her husband, though I sought them carefully."

"And it was after that sad calamity that thou camest to this country?"

"Yes, little one, we had suffered much in Portugal. My ancestors were burned alive and pillaged of their goods in the name of the Christ whom you worship. My grandfather was a learned rabbi. He fled to the Moors, who protected him, and allowed the children

of the Book, as they called the Hebrews, to worship Jehovah in peace. But my father, returning to rescue his goods, was made a Christian by force, though he brought up his children in horror of the faith, and managed so adroitly that they escaped the pollution of baptism. And so we lived in Lisbon, getting to ourselves gain, and despoiling the Christians, until, as though we had not suffered enough, the accursed land itself arose and shook us thence."

"'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you,'" said Rosemary with tears in her eyes.

"Yea, blessed," replied the Jew, "for without such persecution I should not have known you, little one." He opened his purse, and took from it an ancient silver coin with an olive-branch stamped upon one side, and a censer and some Hebrew characters upon the other. "Take this shekel," he said; "and, if you meet any of my people in the land wherein

you journey, tell them that it was given thee for kindness showed to him by a Jew who had it from his grandfather, a learned rabbi, who brought it from Jerusalem, and its letters are the letters of Solomon."

Rosemary took the shekel with thanks. There was a hole in it, and she tied it by one of the lutestring ribbons, so that it hung just within her little satin bag.

"There let it remain," said Lopez, "until you return in peace, an amulet against all mischance; and may it bring you good in the land of the stranger! Have you no word of farewell to leave with me for the young man Royal Coddington?"

"Nay," replied Rosemary without embarrassment: "we spake our farewells when last we parted."

The Jew scanned her innocent face keenly; and as she walked homeward along the beach muttered to himself, "The rose-bud is still unfolded; and it is not for such love as yours

Royal Coddington, or love of mine, that it will open its heart. Praise be to Jehovah that in my first jealousy I did not carry out my intention of sending you out in my old slave-ship, 'The Hulker.' It would have gone to the bottom in your first cruise: but the 'New Broome' is a stanch new brig; it will not be my fault if you never return. Ride safely: you have no ill-will of mine, since she loves you not."

Travellers at night by fleeing
Cannot run into the day:
God can lead both blind and seeing;
On him wait, and for him stay.
Be not fearful, be not fearful:
They who cannot sing can pray.

T. T. Lynch.

CHAPTER V.

NINEVEH *VIA* TARSHISH.

AS the tiny blockade-runner glided down the bay in the mists of early morning twilight, Rosemary stood by the side of the vessel, straining her eyes for a last glimpse of her beloved Newport. Eliakim Krawl, who had suffered sufficiently at the hands of the New-Englanders to make the voyage unregretfully, was in no tearful mood. He felt a seizure of his old malady, prophecy ; and, steadying himself by grasping the bulwark with one hand, he gesticulated wildly with the other, while he gave vent to the vials of his wrath, which was all the stronger for having long fermented under a tightly-corked prudence.

"Fade, fade, ye shores of New England!" he cried, "where the oppressed seed have so

long endured the rage of the high-professing but intolerant and cruel inhabitants of Massachusetts Bay. Only in the Providence Plantations have we found rest for our foot; for Boston, ever a foe to reasonable religion, and stickling for church forms and high-sounding creeds of man's device, would not suffer us within sight of her steeple-houses. Therefore I prophesy that henceforth, even so long as one stone standeth upon another, the word and spirit of liberality shall be alike unknown in that priest-ridden town."

"Hast thou ever been in Boston?" Rosemary asked with little interest.

"Nay," replied Eliakim: "but my father was driven thence; and I have heard him say that he once went into a steeple-house there to see what one of their chiefest hired preachers, a certain Cotton Mather, had to say; and thou wilt scarce believe me, Rosemary, but, instead of standing and speaking as the Spirit gave him utterance, he read from a written paper

that whereon he had cogitated and devised beforetime in his closet."

"Perchance the Spirit spake to him in his closet," suggested Rosemary. "I myself have often heard its voice when in solitude, but rarely when compassed by the congregation. And if indeed he heard the voice of the Lord in the silence of the night or at other times, was it not seemly that he should write down the words of the message, as Moses did upon the tables of stone, 'lest by any means he should let them slip'?"

Eliakim Krawl shook his head dubiously. It was a matter of doubt to him, whether the Spirit ever spoke to any one in Boston. For days afterward sea-sickness made all about her a blank for Rosemary. Her father, though quite well, was still more wretched. A doubt had come over him, a sickening fear that he was flying from duty, that he should have remained at his post preaching peace though none listened, faithful unto death. The weather

had been stormy; and he presented himself to the captain, saying in the words of Jonah, "Take me up, and cast me forth into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you: for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you."

The captain, thinking that his passenger had become insane, ordered him to be tied in his berth. Here there came to Selah Greene a vision which left him calm and trustful.

He had been meditating upon the words, "Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah," and had unconsciously repeated the text aloud several times. Eliakim Krawl asked him if he had ever read a book of curious rhymes called "Zion's Flowers." "Nay," replied Selah Greene; and Eliakim repeated a part of Jonah's soliloquy within the belly of the whale: —

"The like of this on earth men never saw, —
A living man within a monster's maw,

Buried under mountains which are high and steep,
Plunged under waters hundred fathoms deep,
— I sit still in such a straitened roome
As is most uncouthe, head and feet together,
Among such grease as would a thousand smother.
I find no way now for my shrinking hence,
But heere to lie and die for my offence."

Then came the vision. The monster was even now approaching, and would surely take him in, and not him alone, but the captain who had refused to throw him into the sea, and all the ship's crew. The vision continued. The ship was lost, but they were all safely landed by the monster at Nineveh. Then the vision passed; and he looked up at the captain, who was unbinding his arms, and confronted him with another text of Scripture: "I exhort you to be of good cheer; for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship."

The captain stared and then laughed; for there was not a cloud in the heavens, and the wind was bearing them bravely on their way.

But before night, though the wind continued gentle but firm, and the sky was as fair as at morning, Selah Greene's strange words were fulfilled. A speck had appeared on the horizon, which grew to a ship that gave chase; and, though they crowded all canvas, the ship gained upon them, hoisting, as it neared, the French colors, and greeting them with a broadside. Down came the English ensign. It was a privateer from Bayonne, and an ugly-looking fellow. The English sailing-vessel was quickly manned with French sailors, and her former crew transferred to the privateer as prisoners of war. "Be of good courage," said Selah Greene to Rosemary. "It came to me in a vision with these words: 'And it shall not be for your hurt.'"

The privateer landed its prisoners at St. Sebastian, from which point they were sent under an escort of soldiers to the citadel of Bayonne. Of that long ride along the shore, under the blazing sun, Rosemary afterward re-

membered but one incident. They had paused before a cabaret in Fontarabia to allow their escort to refresh themselves. Rosemary and her father sat wearily on their beasts at the door, watched by a soldier, and surrounded by a crowd of curious children. The air was stifling; and Rosemary had allowed her close poke-bonnet to fall back upon her shoulders, to catch if possible a breath from the sea. A gayly-dressed French officer clattered up the steep street, his horse curvetting proudly, and his uniform of white, laced with gold, flashing in the sunlight. His glance fell on Rosemary, drooping in her saddle like a wilted flower. He bowed instinctively, and half-reined in his horse; but, seeing that Rosemary shrank timidly into the depths of her bonnet, he did not speak to her. He paused, however, before a church crowned by a beautiful cupola, and talked for a moment with a priest who carried a huge claret-colored umbrella, which diffused a crimson aureole about his portly person.

There was a flash of gold dropping from the officer's hand into that of the priest; and then the gay cavalier came riding back, and placed the umbrella in Rosemary's hand. "There is danger of sunstroke," he said in French; and then, with an encouraging smile and another bow, he was gone. All the way to Bayonne the umbrella blossomed like a great dahlia above Rosemary's head, shedding its blessed coolness of shadow on her heated brain. All the way the wonderful panorama of the Pyrenees, stepping down to the sea, were spread upon her right hand, and the dazzling glory of the Bay of Biscay, lit by the afternoon's sun, was upon her left; but Rosemary saw nothing, remembered nothing, but the apparition of the angel of mercy in the gold-laced uniform, whose thoughtful care had saved her poor brain from madness.

"Journeys end in lovers' meeting
Every wise man's son doth know."

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER VI.

FRIENDS IN EXILE

LOUIS ABONDIEU, Marquis d'Osy, clattered up the cobble-paved street of Fontarabia, singing a misanthropic little song written by the pleasure-loving Chanoine de Reims, Gabriel Charles de Lattrignant.

The Marquis d'Osy was an artist by inclination, a soldier by profession, condemned to barrack-duty in a little fortified Pyrenean town that guarded one of the passes into Spain. Had he been a trifle more of an artist, he might have found enough of beauty in this lovely region to have filled his days with never-ending delight. But he was a man of the world, and had been used to shine in Paris,

> "'Neath wax-light in a glorified salon,
> Where mirrors multiply the girandole."

He was also young and ambitious; and to be a soldier, and lead a life of forced inaction, with no hope of military glory, was exasperating. Under such circumstances, the charms of nature were insipid, his idle, comfortable life a bore.

"J'ai gouté de tous les plaisirs,
J'en ai gardé les souvenirs:
A présent je m'ennuie.
Je quitterai sans regret,
Gaiment je ferai mon paquet.
Bonsoir, la compagnie."

Humming this, he became aware of a picture, — a Flight into Egypt by one of the old Dutch masters. Mary sitting wearily by the roadside, her sweet, patient face turned toward him with a wistful, pleading in the languid eyes; Joseph in a preposterous white-beaver hat, — just such a ridiculous piece of costume as Rembrandt would have chosen for the sake of its broad aureole of white against the black of the open door of the cabaret. There was no

bambino, but it was a real Flight into Egypt none the less; and he longed for canvas and paints with which to immortalize himself. Then the man asserted itself over the artist, and the drooping attitude of the young girl touched his pity. It was the work of the moment to place the priest's umbrella in her hand, and change the pleading glance to one of radiant gratitude; and the Marquis d'Osy rode on, humming still unconsciously *Bonsoir, la Compagnie,* but his heart was no longer in his song.

At Bayonne the prisoners were confined for a few days in the citadel; and then Selah Greene learned that his party was assigned to the garrison-town of St. Jean Pied de Port, to await a cartel to England. They were prisoners no longer; for they were allowed the freedom of the town, required only to report themselves at certain intervals to the commander at the fort. The long diligence-ride was a revelation to Rosemary, who had never before seen mountains worthy of the name.

She was glad for the moment to lose sight of the sea, on which she had suffered so much; and she looked up with delight at the peaks, which rose wilder and more majestic with every turn in the road. As they neared St. Jean, Rosemary noticed on one of the hillsides a picturesque party of wood-cutters, consisting of a man and two women, gathering branches of pine, and strapping them upon a gayly caparisoned mule. "They are Jews," said the postilion, pointing at them with his whip: "they are gathering boughs with which to build booths. It it one of their heathenish feasts to forsake their good houses, and dwell in cabins." Rosemary explained what the man had said to her father.

"It is the feast of the Tabernacle," said Selah Greene. "Truly it cometh like a welcome and a blessing, that the first custom we should meet in the town whither they carry us captive is a custom given by God to his Israel."

They entered the quaint little town, "St.

John at the foot of the pass," and, having presented themselves at the citadel, strolled down the steep street in search of lodgings.

They crossed one of the great arched bridges which spanned a noisy river that cut the town in two, and noticed the peculiar houses on the water-side, large and roomy, belonging evidently to the well-to-do class. Their foundations sprang directly out of the water, and terraces of balconies projecting from every window overhung the river. On these balconies windlasses and complicated ropes were so arranged that water could be drawn from the river from any floor of the house. These houses fronted on an irregular square. One of the largest and most aristocratic of them, a stone house with a cavernous *porte-cochère* into which a coach and six might have driven, — a house that had been built for some noble, for there was a carved escutcheon over the iron-studded door, — had evidently greatly declined in state, its largest front window having been converted

into a shop. The entire stock-in-trade of the shop was exhibited at the window. There were earthen water-pots, ugly Spanish knives with mottoes damascened upon their long blades, gayly striped donkey-blankets, fans bearing pictures of bull-fights, tawdry artificial flowers, handkerchiefs, bits of tinsel jewelry, and strange gambling-cards, while a placard announced that old furniture and clothing would be received in part payment for these "priceless articles." Within the wareroom at the back of this window, Rosemary afterward found stored the articles received for the bright gewgaws in the window, — faded satin-cushioned chairs, the wood-work

> "White through the worn gilt, mirror sconces chipped,
> Bronze angel-heads, once knobs attached to chests
> (Handled when ancient dames chose forth brocade),
> A wreck of tapestry, proudly purposed web
> When reds and blues were indeed red and blue,
> A pile of brown etched prints,"

with other antique curios.

Now, as they approached the house, they saw pausing before it the very group of wood-cutters whom they had noticed in the mountains. The man entered the little shop, discharging the boy who had kept it for him in his absence. The younger of the two women led the mule through the *porte-cochère* into the court within, and the elder woman turned and looked at Rosemary curiously but kindly. Moved by a sudden impulse, Rosemary asked her in French if she knew where they could obtain apartments.

"But certainly," replied the woman, "we have a chamber which would answer excellently well for the messieurs, and I doubt not but my daughter will give up her room to mademoiselle."

They entered the *porte-cochère*, and mounted a winding staircase to the third story of the house. Here an airy front room, with two iron bedsteads and very little other furniture, was offered to Selah Greene and Eliakim; while

Rosemary was shown to the room of the daughter of the house, from whose window a hand-wrought iron balcony overhung the river. It contained bits of old carved furniture which the master of the house, Israel Touro, had chosen from the bargains which not unfrequently found their way to his shop.

"Can you not put up a cot for me here?" asked Rosemary. "I do not like to force your daughter to leave her chamber."

"We will see, we will see," replied the woman good-naturedly. "The Feast of Tabernacles will soon be here. We shall all sojourn with our brethren in booths. Make yourself comfortable here, and when we come back we shall see what can be done for Rue. I shall come every day to see to your meals, and to those of our other lodger. May you find peace and happiness beneath our roof!" She was turning to go, but Rosemary stopped her. "I feel," she said, "as if I had met with an old friend; for thou art a Hebrewess, art

thou not?" The woman nodded, but Rosemary did not give her time to speak. She drew the shekel from the satin bag, and laid it in her hand. "Then, thou wilt know this coin. It was given me by a Hebrew who had it from his grandfather, a learned rabbi who had been in Jerusalem" — Rosemary stopped suddenly, for the sight of the shekel affected the woman in a way she had not anticipated. She pointed to the letters E. L. cut upon the shekel, which Rosemary had not before observed. "Eliezur Lopez was my grandfather," she said. "He was indeed a learned rabbi, and had twice been to Jerusalem before he fled to the Ishmaelites, even to the Moors of Tangiers; but from whom did you obtain this coin?"

"From the Hebrew Moses Lopez of Newport," replied Rosemary.

A great trembling seized the woman.

"Moses Lopez was devoured of the earthquake at Lisbon," she stammered.

"Nay," replied Rosemary, "he escaped safe to America; and if thou art, as I think, his sister, he has long wept thee as thou hast him, thinking thee slain by that great overthrow."

The woman fell to weeping hysterically, and stepping to the staircase, called her husband and daughter, telling them the good news which she had just heard, in some strange language, whether Hebrew or Portuguese Rosemary could not guess. The daughter, a beautiful girl of about Rosemary's own age, covered the messenger of good tidings with enthusiastic caresses. Nothing was now too good for the strangers. They were taken into Madam Touro's kitchen, and the best fare in the house placed before them. Every benediction in the book of blessings was invoked upon their heads, and Rosemary sank to sleep that night feeling that the shekel had indeed proved an amulet to bring her good and not evil in the land of the stranger.

"Not long can Nature satisfy the mind,
Nor outward fancies feed its inner flame;
We feel a growing want we cannot name,
And long for something sweet, but undefined;
The wants of Beauty other wants create,
Which overflow on others soon or late;
For all that worship thee must ease the heart,
By Love or Song or Art."

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

CHAPTER VII.

MODEL AND PUPIL.

ROSEMARY was awakened the next morning by the light movements of the young Jewess who had shared the room with her.

"And is the sprig of Rosemary quite fresh this morning?" she asked in French. "You have a lucky name. The Portuguese call rosemary *alecrim*, or the elfin plant; and travellers wear it twisted about their hats, for it is good against witches and the mischances of the road."

"Thy name is also a strange one," said Rosemary. "Rue is a useful herb, though not grateful to the taste."

"My name is Lo-ruhamah: it signifies 'no more mercy.' I was named for the daughter of the prophet Hosea; for I was born after the

great earthquake, when my parents were in sore poverty and distress; and, when they asked my mother what they should call me, she found the place in the Scriptures where it is written, 'And God said, Call her name Loruhamah: for I will no more have mercy upon the house of Israel.'"

As Rue was speaking, a bucket attached to a cord dropped into the balcony in front of the window, against which it touched: Rue opened the window, and took a note from the bucket. Rosemary regarded this novel postal arrangement with wide-eyed surprise.

"It is from the artist who has the studio above," Rue explained: "he wants me to pose for him this morning. Luckily I can oblige him, for the feast does not begin for several days. But mother will be busy carrying household stuff to the mountains, and I cannot go without a companion. Ah! it will be a pleasant distraction for you: a studio is an amusing place. You will come with me, will you not?

You would find it very dull sitting here all day, and you are too tired to tramp about with the gentlemen."

Rosemary readily consented: the word "studio" had a charm for her; and when after breakfast Eliakim and her father took their staves, she announced her intention to remain at home with Rue. The studio was unoccupied when they first entered; and Rue began at once to do the honors, turning the canvases which stood with their faces to the wall, for Rosemary's inspection.

"He is a very clever artist," she said. "He has studied with Greuze, and the young genius Louis David is his friend."

Rosemary examined all eagerly. "He has a pretty taste in color," she said, with the ready criticism of a tyro; "but his figures are but a boneless, vaporous sort, who would be in sorry plight were it needful for them to stand or walk."

"*Par exemple!*" exclaimed Rue, thunder-

struck at the audacity which dared pick flaws in an artist who had studied at Paris. "Are you also an artist? is it possible that the Americans understand painting?"

"I am not an artist," replied Rosemary; "but I have drawn a little, and I marvel that one you call a painter should draw so ill."

A merry laugh was heard behind them. It was the artist, the Marquis d'Osy, who had entered unperceived by the girls, and, standing behind them, had overheard Rosemary's last criticism. His amused expression changed instantly to one of embarrassed delight on recognizing her face. "It is the Flight into Egypt," he murmured. Rosemary offered her hand with quiet self-possession, and thanked him for the umbrella.

"Mademoiselle is also an artist," explained Rue.

"So much the better," replied the Marquis d'Osy. "If mademoiselle will honor me by using my studio whenever she wishes, I shall

be very happy." He placed new sketches and studies before her; and Rue, ascending the model-stand, threw herself into a superb position. He hardly profited by it, however; for his eye sought furtively the demure little figure absorbed in the pictures, while his fingers dabbled idly with his paints. "What a costume!" he thought to himself: "she must be a *religieuse*, — some sweet gray nun of an order unknown in France;" and he determined when next he spoke to address her as *ma sœur*. Rosemary held a copy of one of Watteau's *Fêtes Champêtres*, — a lawn overhung with trees, where shepherdesses in rose-colored satin teased the swans that swam in the fountain's marble basin, with their rosetted crooks, while shepherds in pale-blue embroidered waistcoats and powdered periwigs played upon silver flutes, and rosy-pinioned doves fluttered in the air. D'Osy frowned. "That is a picture of my first youth," he said, "when I was in love with the Italian comedy; when an insipid little

blonde with a rosebud mouth was my ideal of beauty, and my palette was a rainbow. Happily, I have left all that far behind me."

Rosemary glanced up quickly. The face was fresh and boyish, in spite of the world-weary, pleasure-superior way in which he spoke. It was a face of aristocratic mould, lighted by expressive, intelligent eyes, and an amiable, mobile mouth, — a face strongly resembling that of the young Mozart; one, Rosemary was sure, as innocent as it was debonair. She turned over the pictures in the style of Watteau, carelessly glancing at them until she reached a group of Cupids after Boucher. Their sweet child-faces and dimpled rosy bodies charmed her. "May I copy this picture?" she asked impulsively.

"Certainly," replied the Marquis d'Osy, while he added to himself, "Strange subject for a nun! Will she hang it on the wall of her cell, I wonder?"

"There are subjects in this portfolio which

will please you better, *ma sœur*," he said aloud. "They are water-colors executed under Greuze, and in his style."

Rosemary looked at them with interest. They were *genre* subjects, representing scenes from family life, Madonna-faced mothers seated beside low cradles, old age and childhood. All was serenity and purity, but her fastidious eye detected an affectation in the very goodness that was the conspicuous characteristic. The style of painting was different, but Rosemary was doubtful whether the change had resulted from any radical difference of feeling in the artist.

"I think thou hadst more heart in the former pictures," she said seriously.

"That is true," he replied frankly. "I painted then *con amore*. I was as mad for pleasure as a butterfly; but the vogue changed, Watteau was no longer in fashion: the little evening prayers of Greuze created an immense furore; they touched the maternal heart, and

loosened the paternal purse-strings. Greuze was the most popular painter in Paris during my student-days there, so of course I studied with him."

Rosemary looked long and gravely at the picture now upon the easel, "The Rape of the Sabines," in which Rue, the embodiment of magnificent, insulted womanhood, was struggling in the arms of a stalwart Roman. "But this," said Rosemary, "is not in the style of Greuze."

"No," replied d'Osy. "Greuze had his share of popular favor, but he is forgotten now. David was the favorite when I was last in Paris; and now we hear of nothing but high art, *la grande peinture*, and only classical subjects are worth painting."

"I thought," said Rosemary sadly, "that an artist painted in a certain style, not because it was the one fashionable at the moment, but because it was the manner of speech or expression given him by the Creator."

"Ah! so they do, the great men of genius; but for us little talents there is nothing but to follow the mode as we do in our clothing, and try to keep in the fashion."

"But canst thou not, both in dress and in painting, choose that style which seemeth most rational to thee, even if it be not permitted thee to originate one of thine own?"

He had no answer ready. He had not thought of her own peculiar dress when he laid so much stress on the obligations of fashion; and for the first time this following the idol of the day seemed to him a little and a pitiable thing, while her simple dress, in its rigid unconformity to Parisian law, had something noble in its independence. He shook his head deprecatingly. "Ah! *ma sœur*," he said, "you are beyond the pale of us worldlings: your ideas are too great for our little souls."

Rosemary flushed. She had not felt self-sufficient or superior, and she feared that she

had been impolite and priggish. She closed the portfolios, and, seating herself nearer the easel, watched him paint, humbly asking a question now and then; and d'Osy, seeing her so modest and docile, recovered from the effects of her reproof, and chatted gayly of artist-life in the French capital, of the gentle master Greuze, and David's indomitable courage and genius.

Rosemary's eye kindled with enthusiasm. "There is a young man called by the Spirit," she said, "even as God called the prophets of old. Ah! it is only so that one should dare call himself an artist."

"And we little talents, *ma sœur*, must we throw away our palette and brushes?"

"Ah, no! for if we fit ourselves patiently, humbly, for the work, perchance the divine call may come to us also. I know not whether we tarry long in this the land of our captivity; but if, while we abide, thou wilt receive me as a pupil, I will strive diligently to profit by thy counsels."

"We will be fellow-students," said the marquis kindly: "we will found an art-school, but leave the professorial chair vacant for the present. For perhaps, if I accepted it, I would only prove Perugino to your Raphael."

"Lowly and sweet, as befits the hour,
One to another down the grassy walk.
Hark, the laburnum, from his opening flower
This cherry creeper greets in whispers light,
While the grim fir, rejoicing in the night,
Hoarse mutters to the murmuring sycamore.
What shall I deem their converse?"

HALLAM.

"A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness,—
Oh, wilderness were Paradise enow!"

FROM THE PERSIAN.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

IT was a glorious mid-October day, the last before the family left them for the celebration of their nomad feast. "Come with us to the woods," said Rue, "and help us put the finishing touches to our booths."

The invitation was accepted; and the entire family set out, the women mounted on gayly caparisoned little *burros*, the men walking by their side. All referred constantly to Rosemary as the common interpreter. "This will never do," cried Israel Touro: "we must learn this American language. Rue, if the young lady will teach you, profit by your opportunities. You are not slow to learn. You would have me let you be taught Hebrew when we lived in Bordeaux. American cannot be much

more difficult, and you can instruct your mother and me. Who knows but we shall some day go to America ourselves? Our friends say that the land, though torn with war, is still a good land, and that our brother has prospered and gained much goods. Peradventure we, too, may trade in merchandise, prosper, and get to ourselves good in that country."

A flood of questions in regard to America were now poured upon Rosemary from every side. D'Osy was especially interested in the war and its causes.

"Hold, but it is grand!" he exclaimed as Rosemary explained the general uprising in the cause of independence; "but you will never drive out the English without the help of France. Ah! if I were only there in my old regiment, the Royal Auvergne, which has been disbanded, and half of it sent to the West Indies, we young officers of the *élite* corps, and the veterans in the ranks, would soon pull you Americans out of your troubles, and gain a

leaf of glory apiece for ourselves, instead of rusting our lives out here where no laurel grows for the soldier." A rabbit darted across their path, and scuttled away over the stony hillside. D'Oşy, by way of emphasis, threw his hatchet, which he was carrying to aid in the wood-chopping, after it, and most unexpectedly to himself killed the little creature. Rosemary gave an involuntary cry of pity, and d'Osy flushed to the roots of his hair. "Unhappy little beast, why did you cross my path?" he said. "I had no wish to kill you. Madam Touro's religion will not suffer her to cook hares or wild duck or eels; and I thought I had lost, since living with her, all my old instincts of hunter and fisherman." He took the rabbit by the feet, and threw it to a ragged goat-herd who had left his charge below to follow them up the slope, whining for alms. The way grew steeper and more difficult; and Rosemary, springing from her beast, insisted that her father should ride while she ran be-

side him, taking scant notice of d'Osy's offers of assistance; her bonnet swinging basket-like by its strings upon her arm, filled with ferns, light-blue snapdragons, purple saxifrage, and golden Alpine poppies; her heavy blonde hair falling upon her shoulders; and the little muslin cap, which usually gave her face such a demure expression, perched coquettishly in Normandy guise, higher and farther back than usual.

"*Ma sœur*, you look now more as if you belonged to this world," said d'Osy, as he helped her across a brook.

"Yea, some of the peasant children wear caps not unlike mine," replied Rosemary. "I feel like a child myself to-day. I am as merry-hearted as this shallow-minded little brook, that serveth no more serious purpose than to laugh and chatter with the pretty Basque girls that beat out their washing on its stones. One would think it would miss them, now they are not here; but no, it plays at marbles with itself, and laughs all the more merrily."

"Will you have some of its marbles, *ma sœur?*" asked d'Osy, scooping a handful from the brook. "Here is a fragment of purple porphyry, a white cube of crystal spar, a little heart-shaped bloodstone, and a bit of emerald-striped malachite. I shall keep the spar, for I mark this day with a white stone. Will you accept my heart?"

Rosemary dropped the pebble into her censer-shaped bag, where it chinked softly against the shekel given her by Moses Lopez. The two keepsakes did not fancy each other, but shouldered one another roughly, until the pebble, who was getting the worst of it, rolled inside Rosemary's thimble, and was safe.

The party halted in a grove of pine, covering the slopes of one of the lower mountains, and giving it from a distance the appearance of a sarcophagus covered with a dark trailing pall. One might fancy that a mountain genius lay here entombed, and that his brother peaks of the higher Pyrenees had gathered about him,

their heads bared in silent awe. The women seated themselves on the pine-needle-carpeted earth; and the men, with the exception of Selah Greene, whom the jaunt had wearied, threw off their coats, and began chopping. "All of the trees commanded for the building of the booths cannot be found here," said Selah Greene. "Ask Huldah Touro what kinds are used."

"The commandment," replied Madam Touro, "was to take palm-branches which lifted themselves high in air; the citron, which, burning rapidly, stood for fire; the willow for water; and the myrtle for the earth it clung to, — thus embracing representatives of all the elements. We obey as nearly as we can. We have palm-branches sent us from brethren in Portugal. The pine kindles readily, and represents fire. We have already hewed of the willow of the brook, and of the myrtle."

"There are other meanings given to the words by the rabbis," said Rue. "The palm

reminds of Élim and our rests in the desert; the 'boughs of thick trees' are building-woods, with which we were suffered to build the temple; the willow brings to mind our captivity in Babylon; while the trees that grow near the earth, such as the olive and those bearing fruit, remind us that we receive our sustenance from God."

D'Osy, who had quickly tired of the active work of wood-chopping, threw himself upon the ground at Rosemary's feet, fanning himself with his sombrero. "You Hebrews have many pretty fancies about trees," he said to Rue. "What is that one in which the birth-trees are married?"

"When a boy is born, a cedar is planted by the Jews of Beta," replied Rue, "and an acacia at the birth of every girl: these trees are cut down and fashioned into the bridal furniture when the young people are married."

"It is a very pretty fancy," replied d'Osy. "I can well imagine that the bride's finery is

all the dearer to her heart from being folded away in a cedarn chest made from her lover's birth-tree. I am sure that I should so reverence my bride's acacia that I could bear to have nothing meaner than a *prie-Dieu* made from it."

"Ah! then I fear it would be used so seldom you would soon forget her," laughed Rue. "A palette would be oftener at your hand and heart, I imagine."

"Why did we not bring our palettes and sketch-boxes with us?" asked Rosemary. "It is so wonderfully beautiful here."

"I think all the world is more beautiful at the Feast of Tabernacles than at any other season," said Madam Touro.

"Perhaps it is because our hearts open now to perceive it," said Rue gently.

"Just as the sepulchre of Ezekiel at Mozul on the Tigris, whose entrance is ordinarily so small that visitors must enter on their hands and knees, expands and rises so that one may

ride in upon a camel on the Feast of Tabernacles," replied Madam Touro in perfect good faith.

Rue flushed, for she feared d'Osy's ridicule; but his expression, as Madam Touro related her miraculous story, was simply one of respectful consideration. Rosemary contrasted him mentally with Royal Coddington, whose overflowing wit made him such an incorrigible tease; and yet Royal's religious status was nearer her own than that of the Marquis d'Osy. Royal had been brought up with her in the same rigid observance; but he had grown out of it, and felt all the rebellion of a young spirit for the straitness of the path in which he had walked. D'Osy viewed Rosemary's creed and that of the Touros from the outside, and his attitude was one of polite interrogation. He turned the conversation, for he saw that Rue was troubled.

"You should see the upper Pyrenees," he said, "St. Sauveur, the Vallée de Gippe, Pic du

Midi. There are old Templar churches at St. Savin, Luz, and Poussec, interesting on account of their architecture and their history; and there are many wild scenes to tempt your pencil. I remember especially one glacier, where the rocks were tossed in the wildest confusion. When I first looked at it I fancied that the Red Sea must have stiffened so under the hand of the Hebrew leader; and the Pic du Midi carried out the illusion, for it suggested the sublime head of Moses dominating the tumult. Indeed, *ma sœur*, you must see the Pic du Midi before you leave this country."

"Thou forgettest," replied Rosemary sadly, "our captive condition, and that we are not here of our own free will, nor are we free to go and come as we list."

"Pardon me, I had forgotten it," replied d'Osy. "However, I fancy that can be easily arranged. I will make myself responsible to the commander for the return of all three of you, and, if your father will consent, will travel

with you as your guard; and so you need not be obliged to mope away this glorious autumn weather in this little town."

"Thou art very kind," replied Rosemary; "but we are weary of journeying, and for the present desire nought so much as rest."

As they walked homeward she asked, "Why dost thou call me *sœur?* do I mind thee of thy sister?"

"I have no sister," replied d Osy; "but you are a *religieuse*, are you not?"

"I am trying to be religious," said Rosemary, entirely misunderstanding his meaning.

"That is good news," replied the other. "You are not then a nun, only a novice. I must learn more of your religion."

"My father can tell thee better than I."

"So be it: he shall be our model while Rue is in the woods. We will paint his portrait as one of the martyrs: he shall preach his dogmas, you will translate, and who knows but I shall become a convert?"

The seven days of the Feast of Tabernacles passed quickly. Selah Greene was delighted with the plan of making short trips in the Pyrenees accompanied by the young officer: it made his case seem a parallel one to that of Paul the prisoner, chained to a centurion who accompanied him in all his wanderings.

They confined themselves to short tours, returning between each one. Their first was to the convent of Roncesvalles, where Selah Greene wandered disconsolately in the chapter-house. It was like the experience of Tantalus for a bookworm to find himself just beyond reach of reading enough to last one for several years. They looked wonderingly upon the beautifully decorated choir, upon the tomb of Roland, and the mace and small-clothes of the hero preserved as sacred relics by the priests, regarded with even higher reverence than their other priceless relic, the coarse earthenware pot, an authentic remainder of the kitchen-furniture of the Holy Family.

On one of their tours they witnessed the celebration of a Basque wedding, stopping at the house of the bride's family. Rosemary gazed with admiration at the pretty brunette in her rich Basque peasant's dress, a cross and heart of gold filagree on the broad band of velvet at her throat, and a curious gold chain with four strands of differently fashioned links falling over her black-velvet bodice. The bridegroom with his friends besieged the house, which was barred against them, and a mock warfare was carried on; serenades and fireworks on the outside, and a bombardment of cakes from the fortress. Even when the besiegers were admitted, they had to search for the bride, who was skilfully hidden; and many a joke was played upon the sacking party by the concealment of other members of the family, so that the *irricina*, or Basque call, would frequently summon the bridegroom to a laughable disappointment. The bride's grandfather was hidden under a feather-bed, a ruffled

nightcap and bandages about the face so disguising him that for a moment the bride was supposed to be found. A bundle of straw, suspected of being alive, disclosed only the bride's brother. The father was dragged from the meal-chest, and the mother from the interior of the chimney, before the bride herself was discovered tied within a charcoal-sack. What a night of rollicking gayety it was! The intense shadows and bright leaping firelight, the stalwart forms of the young mountaineers, the gypsy faces of the girls, all made a never-to-be-forgotten picture, a part of which Rosemary endeavored to realize afterward in color.

There was another scene, of a different character, which engraved itself upon her memory, — a visit which they made to the Mauleon Valley to witness the acting of a pastoral dramatic representation, bearing a certain resemblance in its management to the Oberammergau Passion Play. These dramas, composed and acted by the peasants, are of varied char-

acter. The mysteries of Moses and Nebuchadnezzar, of St. Catherine, St. Agnes, St. Louis, and St. Genevieve, are from the Bible and the legends of the saints; but such pastorals as Clovis, Charlemagne, Godefroi, and Richard sans Peur, are founded on the old *chansons de geste*, and are demi-historic. It chanced that on this occasion the peasants had chosen one of the Ottoman annals, called Marie of Navarre. It was the first play which Rosemary had ever seen; for, though companies of strolling players occasionally visited Newport, Selah Greene would never have allowed such an offering-up of his daughter to Moloch as her attendance upon one of their performances. This spectacle, performed by the peasants themselves in the open air, was something different: and Selah followed the acting with interest, while he listened to Rosemary's whispered explanation that the actress whom he most admires is Marie, daughter of Sancho, King of Navarre, betrothed to Fernan Gon-

zales, Count of Castile; that she is carried away with her family by the Moors, and that the caliph offers them their lives and fortunes if they will embrace the Moslem faith. The song, sung by Marie in an impressive monotone, half-chant, half-recitative, Rosemary translated afterwards for her father. Selah had always had a suppressed fondness for verse: he inherited it from his mother, who loved the Psalms better than any other portion of the Bible, and called him Selah because the word occurred so frequently in the songs she loved. To her it meant Hallelujah, and with the name he had become endowed with something of the spirit of solemn poetry; and all this pageantry, strange to say, appealed to his sense of the sublime, without outraging his love of simplicity.

To Rosemary it is an enchanted dream, in all of whose shifting scenes one figure remains constant, that of the gentle, courtly enchanter, who has changed all their captivity to delight. They watch the peasants dancing the Saut

Basque to the droning sound of the *zambomba*, or playing at Paume on the village plazas; and they ride side by side through wild and beautiful gorges, up, up, until the world seems to lie far beneath them, and the mount on which they stand is one of transfiguration.

"*Ma sœur*," d'Osy asked once, "do you realize that you are my prisoner?"

"Nay," replied Rosemary: "I had quite forgotten it."

"Will you be my prisoner always, *ma sœur?*"

"Nay, I come of a race that loveth to be free." The words were unconscious, almost careless, but the long lashes flickered down: she was not quite self-possessed enough to meet his gaze, and her cheeks were carmine.

"And the leaves, brown, yellow and gray and red,
And white with the whiteness of what is dead,
Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind pass.
The water-blooms under the rivulet
Fell from the stalks on which they were set;
And the eddies drove them here and there,
As the winds did those of the upper air.
Then the rain came down, and the broken stalks
Were bent and tangled across the walks."

SHELLEY.

CHAPTER IX.

AN ILL WIND.

THE wind began in Africa, as the simoom; it swept across the Mediterranean, and over the plains of Andalusia, where it was then called the solano, and heated the blood of the already irritable Spaniards, until the recording angel closed the pages of Cadiz and Seville, determined to make no more registers of the sin of anger against those cities until after the passage of the sandy south wind. As it travelled northward, it lost somewhat of its sand and heat, its strength too seemed to be dying; but it felt the barrier of the Pyrenees, and gathered together all its waning force for a final struggle. It beat itself vainly against their impassable crags, and came tearing up the gorge which led to the citadel-

guarded pass of St. Jean. The old fortress, built by Vauban, ancient even then, had withstood the Spaniards for centuries; but it was powerless against the wind, which swirled through the streets, laying rude hands on feminine drapery, dashing the dead leaves in surf-like spray against the windows, whirling the dust in cloudy pillars in at the doors, and forcing the coward smoke to beat a quick retreat down the chimney. The wind found Eliakim Krawl walking sore and solitary along the linden-shaded road that led to the little cemetery. He was at variance with all mankind, and he loved to walk among the tombs like the lunatic men in the Scripture. He was talking to himself fiercely. "Yea, yea, ye are happy now, ye love each other, but it cannot last; for, though nought else let or hinder you, yet must ye die. The very stones say so: they that sleep beneath have all loved; and they are dead, and their memory is perished from among men."

The heart-shaped leaves of the lindens shivered at such a sentiment; or was it a premonition of the terrible gust that came sweeping down the road that sent them quivering like tear-drops upon the graves beneath? The next instant the wind was upon them; and, dashing a handful of dust behind Eliakim's blue goggles, it seized his broad-brim, and bore it triumphantly aloft.

Down the street after his hat rushed Eliakim, an escort of street-boys springing up miraculously at his heels, and following him with loud whoops and yells. Their nimble legs gained upon his tired ones, and, dashing on in advance, they secured the hat; but, instead of returning it to its owner, one produced from his pocket a ball of twine, another a few carrots, and a kite was quickly mounted, — the whole procession dashing quickly up the street, and past the astonished Eliakim. High on the wind mounted the broad-brim kite, cutting strange antics over the chimney-pots, its tail

of dirty handkerchiefs and carrots failing signally to steady it; and Eliakim, in sheer desperation, tied his bandanna over his ears, and returned to the house. Rue stood in the door, laughing heartily, an amused spectator of all that had occurred. That she made herself merry frequently at his expense, Eliakim was fully aware; and he hated her for it.

He had not enjoyed his stay at St. Jean: there had been altogether too much happiness about him. In the days of the Feast of Tabernacles Selah Greene and d'Osy had become very intimate, and the old man had grown to love the younger. Eliakim could have borne this, but a change had come likewise over Rosemary. She sang to herself fragments of French songs when she thought no one heard her. She blushed when spoken to: there was always a white rose in her belt, and she talked little. That very morning an interview had taken place between Selah Greene and d'Osy, which, though it ended adversely to the hopes

of the marquis, Eliakim would not have fancied. D'Osy and Rue had applied themselves diligently to studying English; and the result was, that they no longer conversed in French, but in a broken *patois*, of which they were very proud. D'Osy had already made himself master of the sentences in a conversation-book, which he had bought several years previous in Paris; and was able, after hours of laborious study, to express his ideas somewhat ambiguously in writing. For two days he had labored over a note to Selah Greene. He tapped this morning at his chamber-door, and, finding him alone, presented it with a courtly bow, walking to the window, and looking out with a careful expression of carelessness, while Selah read as follows: —

To Monsieur Griean.

Respected and Dear Sir, — I have to avow to you somethings. During the month passed that I have to enjoy your charming presence I have deposed my heart at the foots of your lovely daughter.

I approach myself to you to demand permission to make her to know my sentiments, and if they shall be divided by her, to demand her as my wife.

Receive, monsieur, the assurance of my most high esteem.

LOUIS ABONDIEU D'OSY.

Selah Greene held the note in his nerveless fingers: a troubled expression overspread his countenance. He essayed to speak, but only a dry cough escaped him. The Marquis d'Osy turned lightly, and approached, smiling.

"Ah! well, monsieur, you consent, is it not? It is with my all existence that I love your daughter."

"Dost thou think that I do not love her also?" asked Selah Greene.

"Pardon, monsieur, I comprehend. You shall not have parted. I have intention to debark myself to America to fight in your war" —

Selah Greene raised his hand deprecatingly. "I can never give my daughter to a man of war. Young man, thou knowest not what thou

askest. Hast thou spoken aught of this to Rosemary?"

"Monsieur, I am a man of honor. I respect *les convenances.* But" — and the young man's tone assumed more dignity — "it is not simply an affair of the heart: it is now my soul that loves, and it is for always."

Selah Greene laid his hand very gently on the young man's head. "God comfort thee, and lead thee in the right path, but this may not be."

The Marquis d'Osy understood that he was refused, and bowing gravely retired.

Eliakim, coming in an hour later, found Selah writing a letter. The old man looked up kindly. "Eliakim, my son," he said, "thou hast ever interested thyself in me and mine, and it may be well that thou shouldst be a witness this day in a matter that concerns my daughter Rosemary. Thou knowest that Israel Touro and his family journey shortly to America?"

Eliakim nodded.

"I send by them this letter to the young man Royal Coddington, who rescued us from the hands of evil men at New Bedford. The young man signified to me at that time his desire to enter into a marriage state with Rosemary: this seemed not then good to me; but I have pondered much thereon, and, seeing that Rosemary is now come to woman's estate, and others less desirable may desire her, and that I must shortly leave her, I have thought good to write unto the same Royal Coddington, signifying my consent to this thing if so be he will give up his present bloodthirsty career, and return more straitly to the belief and practice of the Friends."

Now was the time for Eliakim to speak for himself if ever: but the words that he would have spoken died upon his lips; and he silently handed Selah Greene the great wooden pepper-box, with which he plentifully sanded his letter, wishing in his heart that each grain of sand were a coal of fire to destroy it.

Rosemary sat in Rue's pretty room, also writing, when Rue entered, and twined her arms about her neck. "Is it that we have acquainted ourselves but to part?" she asked archly. Rue's broken English had none of the stately awkwardness of d'Osy's: its peculiarity was more one of pronunciation; her liquid speech coiled itself about our harsh gutturals, sharp sibilants, and heavy nasals, as a little brook will wind about, slip under, leap over, and even wear away, ugly barriers of flinty rock and gnarled root.

"Ah! you need not so to cover your letter with your two hands. It is to some lover that you write? — to some lover in America. For what good to you is a lover in that so far country? Come, now, we will make some business. Before you had arrive, Monsieur le Marquis was in love to me. It is not fair to take my lover, and not to make me some dommage."

"O Rue!" interrupted Rosemary, "I knew

not that he was thine. I meant not to entice him from thee."

"Come, come," laughed Rue. "There is no harm. For what good to me is a lover in France, and I in America? My father make very much business with the country peoples: they give him the good old furniture worth very much moneys; he give them the fine Paris gilt jewelry worth nothings. You have one good old-fashioned lover there in America; you give him me, and I give you my fine new Paris lover that is worth nothings." She laughed merrily; and Rosemary, beguiled from her sad thoughts, smiled as she took her hands from the letter.

"Listen, Rue," she said: "this letter is indeed in some sort what thou hast divined, — the giving-up of my title to a lover in America. I cannot transfer the same to thee, but this much I can say: that, if thou canst rightly win to thyself the heart of Royal Coddington, thou wilt have gained a kind heart and a true,

and I shall rejoice right heartily for ye both. See, here is his miniature which I began to paint for his mother, but never finished: thou mayest give it to him, or keep it as thou wilt. It is a comely face and a kind heart, though over-given to mirth."

Rue regarded the miniature curiously: there were small holes in the edges; and taking her needle, she stitched it quickly to a band of velvet. "It makes me a fair bracelet," she said. "I thank you: it shall be the seal of our small business that we have make." Then, snatching off the muslin cap, she wheeled Rosemary before her looking-glass, and, passing a brush swiftly over her hair, arranged it *à la Pompadour*, placing a comb of filagrée in front of the principal puff. "That is one coronet," she explained: "you must wear your hair so when you shall be one marchioness."

Rosemary took down her hair at once. "Such worldly titles are not for me," she said quietly; but her lip quivered, and tears started

to her eyes. "We are not of the same religion: my father would not grant us his blessing."

Rue's attitude as she listened to Rosemary was one of superb scorn. "If I should have luff the Marquis d'Osy," she said, "if I should have luff any one, my religion, my father, should be to me as nothing. I should have luff him."

Rosemary's note to Royal Coddington was very short. She told him that he must wait for her no longer, since she knew now that she could never love him; and this letter she handed to Rue, asking her to deliver it to the young man for her. Rue carried the letter down-stairs, and placed it in her father's till. Eliakim Krawl stood in the doorway of the shop, regarding her with sleepy eyes: he was sure that this was the letter which Selah had just written; and he determined to write one to Royal Coddington, containing the merest generalities, and to direct it in a handwriting as

nearly as possible resembling Selah's cramped characters, substituting it for the one in the till. He went to his room, and, finding that Selah had gone out, wrote the letter, and returned to the shop. The wind was now at its height, and favored Eliakim's plan by making a sudden onslaught on the shop, overturning the articles displayed without, and inflating several gaudy umbrellas, which rose on the blast like so many balloons. Rue rushed from the shop to secure them, and Eliakim found his opportunity. Rosemary's letter, retracting the slight hope which she had given Royal, lay in the till. Rosemary's prim chirography resembled her father's; and Eliakim, doubting not that this was Selah's letter of encouragement, held it above a little lamp, kept always lighted for the convenience of smokers, until it was completely consumed. Then he slipped his own into the till, and with his foot ground the charred paper to powder. Rue entered with the captured umbrellas, and regarded him sus-

piciously. There was a smell of burnt paper in the room, and she stepped immediately to the counter, and opened the till. Apparently the letter was still there. She looked at Eliakim again, and his hang-dog air was not reassuring. He felt her suspicions, and cursed her in his heart. She had ridiculed him, and now she suspected him: some day he would have his revenge. He believed that she cared as much for d'Osy as he did for Rosemary; but his hate was so far greater than his love that he would willingly at that moment have seen Rosemary and d'Osy wedded, for the pain that he felt sure it would give Rue.

"O thou my love, love first my lonely soul!
Forget the flesh, that the pure spirit's goal
May be the spirit; let that stand the whole
Of the thing thou lov'st in me."

R. W. GILDER.

CHAPTER X.

OUR LADY OF DELIVERANCE.

THE Touros had nearly completed their preparations for departure, and Selah Greene was looking about him for other lodgings, when the commander at the citadel received orders from his chief at Bayonne for the English prisoners (so called because taken on board an English vessel) to proceed at once to Paris, and wait there a cartel for England. D'Osy petitioned that the duty of escorting them to Paris should be consigned to him, but was refused: his efforts to prolong their stay were equally unavailing; they must leave with the diligence the next morning. D'Osy clattered angrily down the steep descent from the citadel, hot from his unsuccessful interview with his commander. At a turn in the road

he found Rosemary leaning upon the rampart, her face turned toward the valley.

"Tell me you are not wholly glad to go," he cried impulsively, speaking in French, as he always did when his thoughts came too fast for studied utterance.

Rosemary turned toward him, her gentle eyes suffused with tears.

"I will join you in America," he continued. "I will fight for the liberties of your country; and when that is all over, when the last battle shall have been fought, I will come to you, *ma sœur*, for my reward."

"Nay, nay," cried Rosemary: "my father would not suffer it." She extended her hands to ward him from her; but d'Osy caught them in his own, and, drawing her close to him, looked down the drab-satin tunnel into her eyes.

"We will win him over," he insisted.

Rosemary shook her head.

"Then I will wait," said d'Osy seriously.

"I will wait till monsieur your father shall have started on the grand voyage. We will not grieve him. I shall not claim you while he lives, and he will be so happy in his heaven above that he will not grudge us our heaven below."

He spoke bravely. The long years that might intervene before they could claim their heaven seemed to them both at that instant only as so many moments; and Rosemary replied trustingly, "Be it as thou wilt: thou hast my permission to wait." Nor did it occur to her until after they were uttered, that these were the very words with which she had answered Royal Coddington.

Rosemary returned to her room. She was quite alone; for Rue had left that morning for a long trip with her father to a mountain convent, rich in old books and manuscripts, some of which Israel Touro hoped to obtain in exchange for gayly decorated wax tapers and other bright altar-ornaments. They would not

be back until late at night; but the moon rose early, and Rue had a fancy for moonlight rides. Her father had shut himself in his room for an "evening of silence," and Rosemary had only her thoughts for company. The sun was setting across the river, and the sky was a conflagration of crimson clouds: all the room seemed filled with palpitating rosy light. A dress of Rue's lay on her bed, — a pink dress of filmy material, a whirlpool of ruffles edged with creamy Spanish lace. Its hem drooped to the floor, and the light breathing of the wind stirred it as though a foot beat impatiently beneath. A great loneliness and a longing for human sympathy came over Rosemary. The dress exerted a fascination upon her: it seemed to her that it knew her happiness and her trouble. She lifted it in her arms, and stroked it caressingly. She had never worn any shade of red, even in a ribbon or a flower; and yet what color was comparable to it? Rue was too dark for so delicate a tint: it

was soft as the lining of a conch-shell, or the rosy wing-blossoms of the sweet-peas in Ruth's window at Wanton House. She would slip it on, and see what it was to be not only in the world, but of it. Standing before Rue's glass, the lace ruffles of her sleeves falling away from her dimpled elbows, she arranged her hair as Rue had showed her *à la marquise.*

It was a curious mirror, with a frame of Limoge faience, the arabesques uniting in a crucifix above the mirror, in sockets for candles on each side, and in a *benitier* below for holy water. Rue scoffed at the crucifix, and kept roses in the *benitier.* There were two there now, a half-opened bud of cloth-of-gold, and a deep crimson *roi d'Espagne.* Rosemary fastened them in her hair, and threw the white-lace mantilla over her head and shoulders. Then she looked long at the beautiful face before her, and for the first time realized how fair it was. She bent forward suddenly, and kissed the face in the glass, and was turning to

lay aside her borrowed finery, when she was startled by a tap on the balcony outside the window. It was the bucket that had brought Rue a letter on the day after Rosemary's arrival. A letter lay in it now, addressed "*À Ma Sœur.*"

It was growing dark; and Rosemary lit the candles in the mirror-sconces as she read, —

"*Ma Sœur*, — The future is a long, long way off. I may fall in some battle in America, and never come to claim you. Let me at least leave you my name, my title, and the right to be cherished by my family.

"Stand with me to-night before the altar of *Notre Dame de Secours*, and let the priest hear me vow to be yours. I will claim nothing until you stand alone in the world, until you bid me come to you. You shall be free, free. It is I who will be

"Your and Love's prisoner,

"LOUIS."

Rosemary read the letter self-reproachfully. After all, it was not much to ask or grant. Had she not already promised as much in the

presence of God? Why should she hesitate to repeat the promise before a priest? Her only reason for not marrying d'Osy was that it would grieve her father. He would not be grieved now, for he would never know it. Faithfully, scrupulously, would she fulfil every filial duty until the end came. She sat down, and wrote with feverish haste: —

"When the vesper-bell rings, I will come; and the priest shall make me thy own true wife. R."

D'Osy, in the studio above, had passed an hour of struggle before writing his letter. Self had conquered; and he sat impatiently waiting a reply, when the door of his studio opened abruptly, and Eliakim Krawl entered. He seated himself, without removing his hat, — which had finally been restored to him, much the worse from its aerial voyages, — and looked about him vaguely. D'Osy had on several occasions invited him to visit his studio, and Eliakim had decided to embrace this last

opportunity of doing so. Though inwardly fuming at the unseasonableness of this visit, the host did his best to entertain his unwelcome guest. They were conversing somewhat constrainedly, when the creaking of the windlass announced that Rosemary's answer had arrived. Very politely d'Osy explained that his presence was required at this hour at the citadel. Reluctantly Eliakim took his departure, pausing just outside the door to look through the crack, and observe d'Osy receive and read his letter. Shortly after, from his post of observation in Madam Touro's kitchen, he saw d'Osy leave the house. A sudden impulse made him steal up the stairs, and try the studio door. It yielded to his touch; and there, thrown carelessly upon a chair, was the brocaded fatigue-coat which d'Osy wore in the studio. In the breast-pocket was a little scented note, signed "R."

Eliakim read it by the light of a little tinder which he always carried with him.

Then he placed the note in his own pocket, and stealthily descended the stairs. He had not a doubt that this letter was written by Rue, and that the marquis was about to marry the young Jewess; and his suspicions were confirmed, when, just as he reached the landing below, Rue's door opened suddenly, and in the dusk of the hall he recognized Rue's light draperies, and noticed the white veil drawn close about the face.

"So that trip to the convent was only a feint," he thought: "she has managed some way to return. Very well, proud Jewess: thou shalt have one witness at least to thy marriage;" and he followed the figure as it flitted out of the house and down the shadowy street to the old church.

When Rosemary pushed back the door, and entered the church, its cold air struck her like a breath from a tomb. It was quite dark; but in one of the side chapels, vesper service was going on before *Notre Dame de Secours*, — an

ugly Renaissance doll. Rosemary groped her way through the chairs to the glimmer of light. Only a few devout old women were kneeling in the chapel. She sank beside a chair, and soon the service was over, and she was alone. No, not alone: for the priest lingered at the altar; and the Marquis d'Osy, stepping out from the shadow of a pillar, placed her arm within his own, and led her to the altar-rail. The candles flared and flickered, and the staring black eyes of the idol glared down at her from the waxen face like the eyes of a demon.

"*Oremus*," said the priest, extending his hands; and Rosemary sank upon her knees. The instinct of devotion was strong within her. But could she ask God to bless this marriage, — an act of filial disobedience, and a living lie, since it was to be unacknowledged, and she would go on bearing her father's name, to which she had forfeited all right? And yet the priest had said, "Let us pray;" and spir-

itual aid of some kind, in this great crisis of her life, Rosemary felt that she must have. Her soul cried out within her, "O God! if thou canst bless an evil deed, bringing good out of it, bless this marriage; if not, then thou who makest the wicked to prosper, aid me now. Amen."

She had prayed, and prayed to Satan! The thought drove her wild. She rose suddenly from her knees, and, while the priest mumbled on, spoke hurriedly to d'Osy, who rose also.

"My friend, I cannot do this thing. See, see; it is at the price of my soul!" she pointed upward at Our Lady of Deliverance. A gust of wind swept through a high lancet window, and moved the draperies of the image; the brocade angel-sleeves were inflated, and the arms of the image extended themselves toward Rosemary. To the frightened over-wrought child, it was the Spirit of Evil whom she had invoked. Pushing aside the hand that d'Osy

extended, she fled through the open vestry-door out into the night.

To d'Osy too the movement of the image had seemed something supernatural. "Our Lady has herself interfered, and snatched her from me. She wishes her for her own service. It is because she has vowed to become a nun." He handed the astonished priest the fee for the marriage he had not performed, and awe-struck left the church.

As he did so, he unwittingly brushed by Eliakim Krawl, who shrank more closely behind the door. He had observed all, but had misinterpreted the scene. To Eliakim this was the marriage of d'Osy with Rue. For some reason he thought they wished it kept a secret. The time might come when his knowledge of this ceremony could be turned greatly to his own advantage.

The next morning the diligence paused at Israel Touro's door, and Rue, who had returned during the night, clung to its steps to bid

Rosemary good-by. As she left she stumbled over a gaudy Spanish umbrella. "Why do you take this thing to Paris?" she asked. "You will be arrested for displaying a suspicious flag."

Rosemary caught at her hand. "Do not take it, dear Rue. It is the only gift I have from a friend whom I may never meet again."

D'Osy, who had not dared trust himself to a public parting from Rosemary, saw the act from his studio-window. There was no rancor or bitterness toward Rosemary in his heart, only a sense of unutterable sorrow and solemnity, as when we look upon the face of one taken from us by God. A handkerchief fluttered from a little hand through the cloud of dust that rolled after, and with the pain of parting came also the consciousness that nothing could take away the fact that she had loved him; and he could say with de Musset, —

"Un jour je fus aimé, j'aimais,
J'enfouis ce trésor dans mon ame immortelle,
Et je l'emporte à Dieu!"

The very names recorded here are strange,
Of foreign accents and of different climes;
Alvares and Rivera interchange
With Abraham and Jacob of old times.

LONGFELLOW.

CHAPTER XI.

SHUSHAN PURIM.

IT was in March, 1780, that the bark that bore the Touros, having been long storm-tossed on the high seas, drifted into Newport harbor. Moses Lopez was delighted to regain his relatives, and, establishing them in a comfortable dwelling, prepared to celebrate Purim with them with more than usual festivity. Dutch liquor-cases filled with St. Croix rum, arrack from India, port wine, and topaz-tinted Madeira, were carried by Moses Lopez from his warehouse on Queen Hythe to his sister's home. He was ordinarily a very temperate man; but he was a good Hebrew, and the Talmud enjoined that on the feast of Purim he should drink wine until he could not distinguish the difference between Blessed be Morde-

cai and Accursed be Haman, and he prepared to religiously obey the injunction. There were wines which his ships had brought from every grape-bearing land, — fiery Spanish sherry brought in pigskins from Xeres, sweet dark-colored Malmsey from the Ægean, greenish Tokay from Hungary, golden-yellow Muscat from Asia, and red Bordeaux.

Madam Touro had baked passover-bread, and little bonbons in the shape of ears in memory of the cropped ears of Haman; and Moses Lopez had invited the learned rabbi Isaac Carrigal, Jacob Rod Riveriera the wealthy spermaceti-manufacturer, and handsome young Aaron Sexias, to keep the feast with them. Rue was gorgeous in a dress of deep prune-color, faced with Moorish yellow. As she filled the rabbi's glass, he repeated the appropriate blessing: "Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, the Creator of the different species of food. Blessed art thou for the wine and the fruit of the vine;" and added, gazing upon Rue,

"Truly spake the ancients, Ten measures of beauty came into the world: Jerusalem received nine measures, and the rest of the world one!"

"Tell me," said Rue to her uncle in French, after their guests had gone, "is there not a young man in Newport named Royal Coddington?"

"Yes," replied Moses Lopez. "His ship came in two days ago: it needs repairing, and he will remain a while in port."

"I have two letters for him," said Rue, — "from Rosemary Greene, and from her father."

Moses Lopez started. Was it possible that Rosemary cared for him more than he had fancied? "I will send the young man to thee to-morrow to receive his tidings," he replied.

"I fear they are sorry tidings for him," said Rue with a smile.

Moses Lopez' eyebrows shaped themselves into interrogation-points.

"A certain French marquis of our acquaint-

ance was wonderfully taken with little Rosemary, and she fully returns his affection."

Moses Lopez scowled angrily. "Is he worthy of her?" he asked. "Is he an honorable man?"

"In every respect."

"Then little Rosemary will wear the coronet of marchioness? It is a heavy burden for her small head."

"Monsieur the father does not care much for coronets."

"True, and Rosemary will not marry without her father's consent."

"Meantime she is very unhappy."

"Poor child!"

There was a pause, after which Moses Lopez bade his niece good-night. The next morning he came with Royal Coddington, who was all impatience to receive his letters, and ended his call abruptly that he might stroll down to the seashore and read them. "Poor fellow!" said Rue, looking after him, "he is so happy, I am afraid he will drown himself after he reads his

letters : I will go down and speak to him." She threw a black silk mantilla over her head and shoulders, and followed him. He was lying at full length on the sand, staring up at the sun : he did not hear her footsteps in the soft sand, and only became aware of her presence when her shadow fell across his face. He sprang up, and looked at her admiringly, a glad light in his handsome face. Rue gave him a quick, questioning glance, shrugged her shoulders, and sat down on a bit of timber, the remains of a shipwreck.

"I want to thank you for my letter," said Royal, seating himself on the sand beside her : "it has brought me good news."

"Mademoiselle Rosemarie shall have design to return ?" asked Rue, bravely venturing her broken English.

"My letter is not from Rosemary," replied Royal, "but from her father."

Rue looked up incredulously. "Monsieur shall have received two letter."

"This one is from Eliakim Krawl."

"And Mademoiselle Rosemarie shall not have written you at all?"

"No, mademoiselle; but they are coming: I shall see her soon, and her father gives me hope."

"Um." Rue's dark brows met in a heavy line across her forehead. What had become of the letter which she knew Rosemary had written?

"Excuse me, mademoiselle" —

"Excuse you to what?"

"You were going to say something?"

"I was thought, that I never have use to ask my father to write my luff letters."

Royal laughed. "Can you imagine Rosemary writing a love-letter?" he asked.

Rue crimsoned. "But you then have imagine Mademoiselle Rosemarie to have luff some one?"

"Yes," replied Royal: "I have dared imagine that, for I love her very much."

Rue smiled upon the youth in a matronly way. It was evident that she thought him extremely *naïf*. "I think you have not to luff many times," she said. "It is the grand passion, is it not so? I congratulate you for it." A sudden cloud swept across her face: after all, was he to be congratulated, when she knew to a certainty that Rosemary did not love him?

Royal filled the time occupied by this thought with the commonplace question, "How do you like Newport?"

"My uncle say," she replied, "that in time of peace trade nowhere goes so well as here, but at present the place pleases to me not at all."

"You are homesick: you must get acquainted."

"That is so: it is the home that make me sick. I get indeed a hate of bare walls: I must make them a little of toilette."

"You had company last night, did you not?"

"We made then our Purim. It is one pity

you are not a Jew: you should have had with us one little glass wine."

"I should judge so. I met Riveriera in the evening: he took me for Haman, and insisted on following me to my door, repeating all the blessings in the Bible. I told him that he had things a trifle mixed, — that Haman was no friend of the Jews, and that I was Mordecai; whereupon he cursed me with a will."

Rue laughed. "That is not a so nice custom, but we always cultivate the example of the fathers. I remember a story of two of our rabbis: I think it was Raschi and Eliezer, but I do not justly remember. They made their Purim together; and, when one of them had succeeded to intoxicate himself, he died the other with the bottle."

"What, dyed him red by pouring wine on him?"

"I know not to speak more probably: he stroke him with the bottle so that he was died. The next day he was sober already, and

he prayed to Jehovah to make a — a — I know not these English: to make somethings that is impossible."

"You mean, to work a miracle."

"Yes, yes, to make a miracle; and He did, and the died man was now alive again. The next year he ask him to make his Purim again together; but the died man answer, 'Miracles don't be make every day;' and I think he to have the right."

"That is all very interesting, and I wish you would tell me more about Purim. It is the feast of Esther, I know."

"Who have told you that?"

"Why, I read it in the Bible, of course. I looked it up last night. You know it says, 'The decree of Esther confirmed these matters of Purim, as the days wherein the Jews rested from their enemies, and the month which was turned unto them from sorrow to joy, that they should make them days of feasting and joy and of sending portions one to another, and gifts to the poor.'"

Rue looked at him searchingly. "Is that in your Gentile Scriptures?"

"Why, certainly, our Bible is the same. We have the same Scriptures and the same God."

Rue's eyes flashed menacingly. "No," she exclaimed. "We Jews died your God long ago. You have made us enough to suffer for that, and I am glad we have done you some mischiefs. I am glad we have died your God."

"No, no: you do not mean that; you do not know what you say. If you had lived then, you would not have lent your influence to that horrible murder. I am sorry you have suffered for it. It was not your fault, and I know you are not really glad that it was done."

Rue softened a little. "You say it is not my fault. That is just. The Jews then were bad. They stoned every time the prophets. I cannot help to believe it is for that Jerusalem is one heap of stones." Then, more from habit than from any real desire to journey to Palestine, Rue repeated to herself, "Have mercy, O

Lord, and build Jerusalem, the Holy City, speedily in our days, and lead us quickly thereto, and cause us to rejoice in its rebuilding, and to eat of its fruit, and to be satisfied with its goodness."

She turned to Royal, after a brief silence. "You go soon again on the boards of your ship?"

"No: I shall resign my position as captain. I am henceforth a man of peace: that is the price I pay for Rosemary."

Rue shrugged her shoulders.

"We Jews make not our business as that. We have receive every time our goods before we shall by and by pay for them."

"In the world, yet not of it."

"'Neath wax-light in a glorified saloon
Where mirrors multiply the girandole."

ROBERT BROWNING.

CHAPTER XII.

HER MAJESTY'S FAN.

IT was Purim, or early spring, in Paris also; and Rosemary worked faithfully at her art throughout the gray discouraging winter, when the weeping skies failed to cleanse the miry streets, and the tired eyes of the travellers were unrefreshed by the sight of New England snow.

They needed not to have remained so long; but Selah Greene on his arrival in the capital had met with Benjamin Franklin, then visiting the French court upon diplomatic business, and had obtained through him a release from the cartel to England, and permission to return to America whenever an opportunity should offer. Such an opportunity they now awaited. The Louvre was at this time open only twice a

week to the public. Rosemary, in one of her walks through its galleries, felt that she had met an old friend in an original Boucher, the little Loves, a copy of which she had seen in d'Osy's studio. She determined to copy them upon satin, for no other material was delicate enough for the dainty subject. The picture awakened, however, more sad thoughts than happy ones; and, passing a picture-store on her way from the Louvre to her lodgings, the idea struck her that she might dispose of it, and she stepped inside. The collection displayed in the store was a very fine one, comprising gems from the Flemish and Italian schools. She wandered delighted from one to another, entirely forgetting her errand, until the proprietor asked politely how he could serve her. He regarded her picture critically. "Not bad," he muttered, after a time, "not bad: but it is on satin; it is suitable only for a fan, a jewel-box, or a pin-cushion. I can fancy some grand lady who has suffered from the malice of Cupid, delight-

ing in running bodkins into the rosy bodies of these little loves. Yes, mounted with a gilt coronet for a stand, it would make a superb pincushion."

"And thou wilt buy it of me?"

"I? not at all. I do not buy pincushions. I patronize only the high art."

Rosemary turned to leave the store. "Hold!" cried the little man. "You said you wanted to sell this trifle in order to secure instruction in art. They all say so: and it is plain enough that you need instruction; but, however, my wife sometimes gives lessons. She is the most talented painter in France. You have heard, no doubt, of Madame Le Brun? Well, you have only to mount those stairs, and you will find yourself in her studio."

Madame Le Brun's opinion of the painting was more favorable than that of her husband.

"Certainly, dear child, I will receive you as a pupil; and I only wish that some of these young ladies" (pointing to her pupils) "had

your talent. As for the painting, it is too exquisite to be punctured by pins. I will have it mounted as a fan on pearl sticks, with an edging of point-d'Alençon, and I have no doubt I can dispose of it to some one of my patrons."

This was during the winter; and Rosemary had painted steadily in Madame Le Brun's studio, enjoying intensely the society of the talented and charming little lady. She asked no questions in regard to the fan; and it was not until early spring that she heard from it. A lady called upon her in her own modest quarters, but without announcing her name. As she took Rosemary's hand, she placed five louis-d'or within it. "I come as a messenger," she said, with a smile, "on the part of the purchaser of your charming fan."

Rosemary protested against the amount given, as far too great; but the unknown lady insisted: and, stammering her thanks, Rosemary asked the name of her patroness.

"Guess a little," replied the lady, a merry twinkle in her eye.

"That were indeed impossible," replied Rosemary, "seeing I know the names of scarce any one in this great city."

"True; but you might guess her rank."

"It is perhaps a baroness."

"We are very modest; mount higher."

"It is not a marchioness?"

"You are quite right: it is too beautiful for any marchioness I know of, except La Pompadour; and, unfortunately, it makes its appearance in Paris too late for her. I am myself a marchioness; but I am not the fortunate possessor of your fan."

"My friend, you mock at me: my fan cannot have pleased a countess."

"Yes, little *ingenue*, it pleased two countesses; but Madame Le Brun would not let either of them have it, for she had schemed for a far nobler patroness."

"Then I dare not guess again: it would be

presumption for me to suppose myself honored by a princess."

The mischievous lady laughed heartily. "Know, then, Mademoiselle Modesty," she said, "that it was the queen. Madame Le Brun has been to Versailles several times lately to paint her portrait. Her Majesty was delighted with the fan, and has commissioned me, one of her ladies in waiting, to tell you so. I have also an errand with you on my own account. I am arranging a fête at my château. It is to be entirely in antique style. The furniture, the repast, are all to be severely classical; and Gluck has promised to furnish me with music from a Greek opera which he is composing. In order that there may be perfect unity in all the appointments, I wish to enclose with each invitation a sketch in color of the costume which I desire the guest to assume. Be governed by the pictures of David, and let every thing be in the most correct classical style possible."

Further conversation developed the fact that the *fête* was to be a welcome to the lady's son, who had been long absent upon military duty. The list of guests left by the lady included his former friends and comrades, most of them officers, and many of them noblemen. As Rosemary read the names of the Baron de Viomesnil, the Marquis de Chastelleux, and the Duc de Lauzun, she smiled, and remarked to Madame Le Brun, —

"Dost thou not think it sadly presuming that I should dictate in matters of dress to these fine personages?"

She applied herself to her task, however, with enthusiasm, reading the archæological works of Lessing and Heyne, and studying such of David's classical pictures as Hector and Andromache, the Death of Socrates, and Helen and Paris.

Her drawings were exquisitely careful and exact, the tints laid on smoothly and delicately in water-color. She assigned to the returning

son the character of Orpheus, to the Duc de Lauzun that of Perseus. Costumes were designed for Hebes with Etruscan vases, Psyches with butterflies quivering upon their shoulders, Junos with peacock-eyed embroidered trains. The portfolio formed an exceedingly interesting album of Greek and Roman costume. Her patroness was delighted, and again presented herself in person to express her pleasure. "You must yourself be present at our *fête*, dear mademoiselle," she said. "I wish to introduce to my guests the talented artist of these exquisite designs, and I insist on sending my own carriage to convey you to Château Osant."

"Castle Daring," repeated Rosemary: "it has a warlike sound."

"Ah, yes!" replied the marchioness: "it is very appropriate, is it not? Our name was originally *Oser*, to dare. All of our family are daring now. But in the dark ages our family lost the knack of spelling correctly, and the name has remained d'Osy ever since."

The surprise was almost too great for Rosemary, — this grand lady was d'Osy's mother. She looked up pleadingly into her face, and tried to read behind the mask of complaisance. She was very proud, Rosemary thought; and her eyes were piercing and severe; they would tolerate no disguise or untruthfulness. Rosemary wondered how she would have felt looking into these searching eyes if her soul held a guilty secret; but the lips were kind, though there were certain lines about them that showed they were capable of displaying a fine scorn upon occasion. They smiled upon her encouragingly now as she said, "Do not be frightened. I see you do not care to be introduced to my guests; but I must have you at my *fête* all the same, and for a week beforehand, for I need your help. Monsieur Gluck has arranged some music to be sung in our little theatre. I had hoped to induce Madame Le Brun to arrange the scenery, but she is busied with greater people than I. Every

thing is there, but it is in a jumble of confusion: I need some one of artistic taste to get things in readiness for the rehearsal, which Monsier Gluck will himself superintend."

A tremor of emotion, quite inexplicable to the marchioness, passed over Rosemary's face. She had been praying all this winter, and patiently waiting for a sign, — a sign that this separation, voluntarily submitted to for conscience' sake, was not a final one; and now the Spirit whispered the sign had come. She looked up steadfastly, replying, with what seemed to the marchioness an odd seriousness, "I will go with thee, and aid thee as much as is in my power. Perchance we can aid one another."

" C'est le temps de la ville — Oh ! lorsque, l'an dernier,
J'y revins, que je vis ce bon Louvre et son dôme,
Paris et sa fumée, et tout ce beau royaume,
Que j'aimais ce temps gris, ces passants et la Seine
Sous ses mille falots assise en souveraine !
J'allais revoir l'hiver. Et toi, ma vie, et toi ! "

CHAPTER XIII.

CHÂTEAU OSANT.

SEATED by the side of the Marchioness d'Osy, in a tiny satin-cushioned equipage, Rosemary was whirled out of the city; past Marly, with its artificial cascades and its royal pavilion, along a road bordered with meadows purple with primroses; past long lines of Lombardy poplars, that stood tall and straight, like grenadiers drawn up on parade, reminding Rosemary of the battalions of soldiers by which royalty was supported and saluted; past rows of stunted, disfigured willows, all their lithe branches lopped for basket-making, and the trunks, hideous and deformed, bowing cringingly like the lower orders of the people before the rule of the nobles. The marchioness pointed out the heights of Montmorenci

in the distance to the right, and Versailles away to the left; then a gate of forged iron was opened for them, and they wound through a wood into a more open park, and stood face to face with Château Osant. Only one massive tower, the dungeon keep, remained of the original structure. The modern part, a villa in the Italian style, was ornate and pretentious, not at all in harmony with Monsieur Viollet-le-Duc's ideas of restoration.

After a little rest and refreshment Rosemary was put in possession of Monsieur Gluck's requisitions, and conducted to the little theatre. The marchioness was quite right: every thing was in a state of confusion, and among all its sets of scenery she found nothing quite suitable. Toinette, a maid detailed to aid her, suggested that a scene might be painted. Her young master had himself painted many of these. His studio was in the old tower, where they would find every thing ready to their hand, even to a great *toile* stretched upon the

floor with the sky washed in, which he was preparing as a background for some tableaux when he was called away.

A certain resemblance of this studio to the one in the Pyrenees made Rosemary's heart beat; but she controlled herself, and began sketching a Grecian temple. The girl aided her deftly, handing her the various pots of paint, cleaning her brushes, and serving her unasked in a way that argued familiarity with such tasks.

"Thou art very helpful," Rosemary remarked: "thou art acquainted with the ways of a studio."

The girl shrugged her shoulders. "I served the young artist as model very often."

Rosemary worked on silently; and Toinette, who had waited for a question which did not come, volunteered the information, "I do not like him."

Rosemary looked at her inquiringly. "Perchance he had no liking for thee."

"He had no liking for any one, or for any thing but his art. He was not a man: he was only an artist. Why were his eyes given him? He knew that I was handsome, he has told me so a thousand times; but he cared for me no more than for that stone woman yonder. He looked at me as if I were a piece of furniture. I do not enjoy being looked at in that way. I"—

"Thou saidst," said Rosemary, turning the conversation, "when I asked thee thy name, that I might call thee l'autre Toinette. Is there, then, another of that name among the people of the château?"

"THE Toinette," replied the girl, "lives at the palace. She also regards people as if they were furniture; but that will not last always."

"Thou shouldst not speak thus lightly of the Queen," exclaimed Rosemary, greatly shocked in spite of her Quaker education, which had certainly not given her any fawning respect for the dignity of office.

"I do not wish to speak of her at all," replied the girl sullenly. "I am l'autre Toinette, that is all. I have a right to my name."

Preparations for the *fête* went merrily on in other parts of the château. Monsieur Gluck arrived the next day with his troupe of actors and singers, and rehearsed the selection from "Orfeo," which was to be performed in the little theatre. Gluck had just conquered all Paris; and the marchioness rightly considered herself fortunate in obtaining his co-operation for the *fête*. Rosemary had never before listened to operatic music; and as she heard the despairing cry of Orpheus, "*Misero me la perdo, edi nuovo e per sempre*," a vague apprehension of evil to come thrilled her. Gluck, catching a glimpse of her rapt face, was struck with her expression, which he said was just what he desired for his Eurydice; but no persuasion could induce Rosemary to take part, even in the tableaux.

Another day, and the table-service of Etrus-

can design arrived; and Rosemary assisted her patroness in its arrangement, and in the decoration of the walls of the grand salon with trophies and garlands of laurel.

The following morning all the members of the family occupied seats upon the terrace; for the Duc de Lauzun and a number of other young cavalry-officers rehearsed the feats of horsemanship which were to be performed at the *fête* in costume, in imitation of the Olympic games. Never before had Rosemary imagined grown people could give themselves up to child's play with such *abandon.* Paris was at its gayest, for it was just before the Revolution: "They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until —the flood came and destroyed them all."

But a cloud had settled on the brow of madame the marchioness. She had received unwelcome news that morning from her son. This *fête* of welcome was likely also to prove a farewell festival. He had sent in his appli-

cation for permission to join the troops setting out for America, and was coming to Paris simply to make preparations for his departure. After the equestrian feats on the lawn, Madame d'Osy held a long conference with the Duc de Lauzun in regard to her son. Yes, it was true: a French fleet would set out in a few weeks from Brest, with the Count de Rochambeau in command of the troops. The two Viomenils, the Marquis de Chastelleux, Beauharnais, and others of d'Osy's friends, were going. The Duc de Lauzun was himself going, and considered it a rare opportunity for adventure and gallantry.

That evening, according to her usual custom, Rosemary sat beside her patroness in the private boudoir, hung with faded Arras tapestry, and read aloud from an old romance. The tall wax-candles in the heavy gilded candelabra shed a mellow light on the fair young face of the reader, and on the thoughtful features of madame, seated in her favorite arm-

chair, its scroll-work of buhl supporting the d'Osy coat-of-arms with the motto "*Oser c'est vaincre*," "To dare is to conquer." No wonder that her son, young and adventurous, longed to prove the truth of the family legend: but she could not bear to have him leave her; was there no way in which she could detain him?

Sweet and gentle rose the young girl's voice, reading from the romance, "The fetters of love can alone chain the wings of ambition." The sentence woke a new idea. If her son were married, he would perhaps relinquish this wild scheme, and settle down contentedly beside her. It behooved her to obtain a wife for him with all despatch possible. Rosemary had become strangely dear to her in their short acquaintance: she could think of no one whom she could so gladly welcome as a daughter. There were other reasons why it seemed best to her far-sighted scheming that her son should marry a foreigner. Already vague signs of the coming Revolution were making

themselves evident to a few of the most observing. The old *noblesse* were walking on the thin crust of a volcano. Madame d'Osy knew that the family into which she had at one time thought that her son might marry were very unpopular with the lower classes; and she was shrewd enough to guess that this was the case with all the aristocracy. She did not care that her son should pledge himself to fight for the feuds, antagonisms, and prejudices of another unpopular family: it was enough for his young shoulders to brace the walls of his own tottering house. It might add to his safety that his wife should not belong to the aristocratic class. Madame d'Osy's thoughts ran on, keeping time to the gentle accompaniment of the sweet young voice. Already she seemed to see Rosemary her dutiful daughter, comforting her declining years. It was not seemly that Rosemary should be consulted, so she thought, until all was settled: her only fear was that her son might not con-

sent; but she remembered her motto, *Oser c'est vaincre;* and, as Rosemary left the château for her father's lodging, she said, "I shall come myself to fetch you to the *fête.* Nay, you must consent: I want you to meet my son."

Madame d'Osy's plan did not work as well when she began to put it in practice as she had imagined. At the first suggestion of marriage, on the day of her son's return, he stiffened into something as cold and unresponsive as an iceberg. "My heart is given to a young girl destined for the convent," he replied sadly. "Some day, perhaps, I may please you by wedding a wife of your choosing, but not now."

Rosemary, in her little room, on the morning of the *fête*, waited in vain for a summons to the château. Madame d'Osy, in her chagrin at the defeat of her clever project, had forgotten to send for her.

"*For love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire which hath a most vehement flame.*"

CANTICLES viii. 6.

CHAPTER XIV.

SETTING UP HOUSEKEEPING.

ROYAL CODDINGTON, no longer captain of the "New Broome," finding his time hanging heavily upon his hands, set about arranging a home to which to welcome Rosemary upon her arrival. The Wanton mansion stood vacant now. Its owner had died, and his widow removed to New York. The family silver, presented by Queen Anne's own hand, and the diamonds, the gift of the Bishop of Cloyne, no longer shone before gay assemblies. The very house had something forlornly pathetic in its aspect, as though it mourned its past glories. And Royal, as he passed it, pitied the old mansion. Some of the happiest hours of his life had been spent here. It was upon its threshold that Rosemary had given

him her reluctant permission to wait for her love. It was the dearest spot in Newport to him, and must be, so he argued, also to her. He obtained a lease of the building, and determined to set it in order for her reception. Rue offered to aid him in his task, and he gladly accepted her assistance. He was so foolishly happy in his anticipations, that she had not the heart to tell him that she feared they were built upon sandy foundations. Perhaps, after all, Rosemary had repented of the letter of refusal which she had written, and intended to marry him.

The charwoman had made all sweet and clean, and Coffee Cockroach was on hand to do the heavy lifting, when Rue began the interior decoration of the best room, or parlor. Royal came into the room to find her hanging the window-draperies, broad curtains of white satin falling from rod and rings in simple straight folds, — the varying sheen of the milky-white fabric trembling with luminous spaces and tran-

quil shades, like a wall of pearl, — to its border at the foot, a deep band of velvet in shades of peacock-blue and green. "I have chosen the colors of Queen Esther," said Rue. "I have cultivated the idea to make you one little palace of Shushan, 'where were white, green, and blue hangings, fastened with cords of fine linen and purple to silver rings and pillars of marble.'"

"They are very lovely," replied the young man, "but I fear I cannot afford such magnificence."

"I have brought those stuff with me from France. They shall be to me now not at any use at all. I make them now a present to your Queen Esther. I think they shall become to her very much."

"They are very becoming to you, mademoiselle," he replied, taking in for the first time the grace of her figure outlined darkly against the shimmering brightness, "and I thank you with all my heart in Rosemary's name. How

clever you are! I think you must be descended in a direct line from 'Aholiab the embroiderer,' who made the curtains of the tabernacle 'of blue and purple and scarlet, of cunning work made he them.'"

"It is perhaps so," replied Rue: "we have lived so long in the tent, that we like not the walls, but the tapestry; and the *portière* is to us better as the door."

Two robins were nest-building in a lilac just outside the window. Royal drew her attention to them. "All the world is happy, Rue," he said. "See, the birds are setting up housekeeping, just as we are."

"With a difference," Rue thought, rather bitterly, as she wondered whether little Dame Robin would make her home as soft with flakes of wool and shreds of silk if some rival bird were to occupy it. She was beginning to care for Royal more than she was willing to confess to herself; but she kept steadily on day after day, inflicting mercilessly upon herself the pain

of aiding him in his preparations for his bride. One day she mentioned d'Osy as having been deeply interested in Rosemary.

"Poor fellow!" replied Royal: "why didn't you console him by accepting him?" Rue flushed angrily; and Royal added, "But doubtless you would have scorned a second-hand lover."

"I have seen much good business to be make with some second-hand things," replied Rue. "It is not for that; but have you suppose I should marry myself with a Christian?" She turned away from him, two bright spots upon her cheeks matching in color her beads and ear-rings of Neapolitan coral, whose small balls hung in the dusk of her hair like some pale tempting fruit. "What beautiful coral, Rue!" he said, looking admiringly more at the cheek than the ear-ring.

"That is because it have always to be worn by a lady: the color is more purier. If it be worn by a mans, the color is more darker."

"Is it so? Give me a bead to wear, Rue, and let me see if the color will change."

She took one from her necklace, and tied it with a bit of narrow ribbon in his button-hole. "It is one amulet," she said. "It will keep you from some evil eyes."

"And now tell me, Rue," he said, "why you could not love a Christian, since Queen Esther, whom you so much revere, married a man who was not a Jew?"

"But the Marquis d'Osy was not one Ahasuerus. When I shall have find my KING, then you shall see I shall not ask if he is a Jew. I shall marry myself with him."

It was the 12th of July of this year, 1780, when the French fleet arrived in Newport. The inhabitants flocked to the water-side to see them disembark. Bells rang merrily, colors saluted, and cannons roared their welcome. Rue hurried to her uncle's counting-room on Queen Hythe, past which the troops would march. There was no one there but the office-

boy Levi; and together they removed the cob-webbed sash from the window, that they might see the spectacle more clearly.

The bands came first, and the blood of the Mendelssohns stirred within Rue as she heard again the sound of good music. There lay the fleet, — seven ships of the line, two frigates, and a number of transports, forty-six vessels in all, with the tricolor floating from every mast and rope. And now the regiments marched up the wharf. Rue knew them by their colors, — Burbonois, Deuxponts, Soissonois, Santogne. She was scanning the next regimental flag to make out its device, when it dipped to her, and she saw that it was borne by the Marquis d'Osy. She answered the salute by a wave of the hand. "*Enfin*," she said to herself. "Here we are all four in Newport: the comedy should have approach to the four act. Where is my uncle?" she said aloud to Levi, "that he should have procured to himself to lose so fine a sight?"

"The patron went out in the schooner this morning to meet the fleet," replied the boy. "I think he expected a cargo of something valuable from France. There is the schooner now," he added, pointing from the opposite window to a small vessel making a landing farther south. Rue took down her uncle's spy-glass. Yes, there was Moses Lopez on the deck, and Rosemary and Selah and Eliakim; and hurrying down the beach to meet them was a single figure. She closed the glass impatiently, for she did not care to witness the meeting of Rosemary and Royal Coddington.

As she walked homeward, she passed the Wanton mansion. The house wore an air of expectancy, though its occupants had not arrived. The windows were open, and a light breeze stirred the draperies which she had helped arrange. That morning she had put on the velvet bracelet bearing the miniature of Royal Coddington, which Rosemary had painted and given to her. She looked down upon the

frank, smiling face, and said to herself bitterly, "He is mine, he is mine. We made one fair bargain. She took the fine new lover that was worth nothings, the old-fashioned good one is mine." All the pent-up passion of her Oriental nature boiled in her heart; and she smote her hand and wrist cruelly against the gate-post, uttering a wild curse in Hebrew: "Cursed be the mistress of this house," she said. "May she possess a home without happiness, a husband without love; may she look from its windows witheringly, envying the beggar of the street!"

A sudden calm followed this explosion: she had vented all her anger. She had also broken the miniature upon her arm, and had cut her wrist with one of the sharp fragments. The blood trickled from it, but this she hardly noticed. Twisting her handkerchief tightly about it, she picked up the fragments of the miniature scattered upon the garden-walk, and placed them in her purse, murmuring, still in

Hebrew, "'Set me as a seal upon thine arm, for love is strong as death, and jealousy is cruel as the grave.' The seal is broken from my arm; and this is right, since broken also is the compact that it witnessed."

"O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. . . . Come, your answer in broken music, —for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, — wilt thou have me?"

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry the Fifth.*

CHAPTER XV.

A CHANGE OF HEART.

THE next Saturday morning, as Rue was dressing for the synagogue, she took her purse from her pocket, and laid it upon her toilet-table, following the command of the rabbis which forbids even such temptations to business upon the sabbath as even so simple an act as the carrying of one's purse in the pocket upon that day. She was continuing her preparations mechanically, when she remembered the broken miniature within the purse, and she consigned it again to her pocket. The action was a trifling one, but it was deeply significant. Rue was a bit of a Pharisee, and the wilful disregard of one of the formalities of her religion argued an influence stronger than that of religion itself.

She was unhappy; and her face, as she looked at it in the little glass topped by the crucifix, was wan and hollow-eyed. To counteract this loss of freshness, she had taken unusual pains in dressing, having put on her brightest, gayest costume, the pink dress with the many ruffles, which had exercised such an influence over Rosemary one evening in St. Jean, and had chosen for her ornaments the necklace and ear-rings of delicate-hued Neapolitan coral. She dallied so long in her room, that, when she descended, she found that her mother and father had both tired of waiting, and had gone to the synagogue without her. She hastily locked the door, and was leaving the gate to follow them when some one coming toward the house from the opposite direction called her, and turning she met Royal Coddington.

"Come down to the beach with me, Rue," he said, "I have something to tell you." They sat down on the same bit of wreck where he

had told her of his love for Rosemary, but he was no longer the boyish youth whom she had matronized then. He had fast grown manly, but he had lost all the happy carelessness of boyhood in the process.

"Rue," he said, "it was all a mistake. You will have to take down the pretty curtains, for there is to be no housekeeping."

"Mademoiselle Rosemarie have then cease to luff you?"

"She never loved me, Rue. It was all my mistake: I have been a fool, a fool."

"And you have not cease to luff her?"

"I never loved her." Rue elevated her eyebrows. "I tell you I never loved her. I was in love with my own imagination, with all that I knew was womanly and lovable; and I made her stand for this craving of my soul. But my eyes are opened now; and I cannot conceive how I endowed that cold-blooded little bigot with all the attributes of a living, loving woman."

"You have not, then, been much acquainted to her in the time past?"

"I never was much acquainted with any woman, Rue. I have never known any friend as intimately as I have you. It is you who have taught me all the beautiful possibilities of a true womanly nature; it is you who have kept me in love with my ideal so long; and, by the Eternal! it is you, Rue, whom I have loved all along, fool that I have been not to know it."

A little scornful smile quivered momentarily on Rue's lip. "And I suppose," she said, "if Mademoiselle Rosemarie should not have say that little no, you should not have know to luff me now."

"Perhaps not. I am such a fool, Rue; but you said the other day that good bargains were sometimes to be made with second-hand goods. Will you not have me, though I am but a cast-off lover?"

"I do not know how that can be. We can-

not marry ourselves with the Quakers, for I am a Jewess. We cannot marry ourselves with the Jews, for you are a Gentile. I know not how we can marry ourselves."

"Easily enough, Rue. We can go to the Devil together, and join the Episcopalians."

"I do not know what it is, that Episcopalians. It was perhaps the religion of the king Ahasuerus."

"Something like it, no doubt. And you will be my Esther, my queen?"

"And it shall not matter what our religion shall be. There is no religion as love."

The choir were practising in Trinity Church; and the organ presented by Bishop Berkeley was swelling proudly to the sentiment, —

> "Et antiquam documentum
> Novo cedat ritui"—

when the rector, hastily sought, took his place before the altar, and gave Rue and Royal their first lesson in their new religion. The short

catechism asked and answered, they walked quietly to the home which they had prepared together. As they entered the gateway, Rue's foot ground a particle of porcelain into finer powder. She shuddered as she remembered her own desperate words a few days before, — "May the mistress of this house possess a home without happiness, a husband without love!"

"Come, Rue," said her husband, "let us go in: you are mistress of the house, and to you I surrender the keys. Why, how pale you are! What is the matter?"

"I was thinking of a curse," she replied.

"No doubt there will be cursing enough," he laughed; "but never fear: curses light only on those who utter them."

"Fled with a Christian? . . . The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin!"

SHAKESPEARE.

CHAPTER XVI.

SHYLOCK AND JESSICA

MOSES LOPEZ, on hearing the news of the marriage of his niece, took his way at once to his sister's house. He found it, as he had expected, arranged as for a funeral. Pictures and mirrors were turned with their faces to the wall. The floor was sprinkled with straw and ashes. Israel Touro and his wife, dressed in mourning, the latter with dishevelled hair, and the former with ashes upon his head and beard, an ugly gash cut in the front of his coat, sat upon the floor rocking slowly backward and forward; Huldah silent and stolid, but Israel repeating the most horrible imprecations. As Moses Lopez entered, he began a long quotation from the prophets, which he addressed to his recreant daughter.

"Thou saidst, I shall be a lady forever, — therefore hear now this, thou that art given to pleasures, that dwellest carelessly. Evil shall come upon thee; thou shalt not know from whence it riseth; and mischief shall fall upon thee; thou shalt not be able to put it off; and desolation shall come upon thee suddenly which thou shalt not know." "The Lord shall give thee a trembling heart, and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind. In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even! and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning! for the fear of thine heart wherewith thou shalt fear." "Thy wisdom and thy knowledge, it hath perverted thee, thine enchantments and the multitude of thy sorceries" —

"Hold!" cried Moses Lopez: "thou hast uttered enough vain breath. What meanest thou by sorceries and enchantments? Speak the words of soberness, if so be thou art not become utterly a fool."

"Have I not caused her to be taught the sacred language, even Hebrew? and say not the fathers rightly that he that teacheth a woman the law is as though he taught her sin? She was very learned in all the holy books, — the Gemara and the Haggada are in her chest, —the treatises on the languages of ministering angels, the language of gnomes, the language of waves, and the language of palm-trees, and I doubt not she knew them all. Hast thou not marked how she has worn her amulet of corals? It was with that she charmed the young Gentile. I suspected evil when I saw a bead from her necklace glistening on the lapel of his coat like a drop of his own heart's blood. She is a sorceress, and the reward of a sorceress shall be hers."

Moses Lopez' eyes glowed with scorn: his eyebrows bristled like so many bayonets. "Thou art altogether an *amhaaretz;* and dost thou, unlearned as thou art, teach me in matters concerning the law? The only enchantment

which thy daughter hath used to gain her husband is that of beauty, — a sorcery allowable to all women. Moreover, the young man is a goodly one, and reasonable. I doubt not that if Rue had acted with more sagacity we might have gained him as a proselyte, and the wedding have taken place under the crimson canopy, to the glory of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob. That it is not so, thou hast only thyself to blame, that thou didst not gain thy daughter's heart sufficiently to move her to ask counsel of thee in this matter. Nevertheless, what might have been may yet be; and I see none occasion for howlings and lamentations in this business."

Huldah Touro looked up hopefully: "And the shroud that I made, according to custom, for her wedding-day, that in the day of her joy she might remember the day of her death, is even now in the house. Wilt thou take it to her from her mother, with the little coffin-pillow stuffed with Jerusalem earth?" And Huldah

Touro, her heart lightened beyond expression, hurried away to prepare this lugubrious wedding-present for her daughter.

Moses Lopez waited for her without the house. "Thy name is Huldah," he said, "which signifieth one who has endured. Endure now, and know that a worse fate might come to thy daughter than marriage with a Gentile. Truly I am old, and I think not now of marriage with any one ; but, in the days when my heart opened, it was not a Jewess, but a Gentile maiden, whom I enshrined therein."

Huldah Touro watched him as he walked firmly away, — a handsome man, and not so old after all, with the snow lying thinly in his abundant black hair. Where was the Gentile maid who would not marry him now, and count herself fortunate to share his princely fortune and his kindly heart? She moaned, and wrung her hands: To what was the house of Israel coming, when the fairest and the wisest were falling away to the Gentiles?

As soon as Moses Lopez had departed, Israel Touro resumed his maledictions, insisting that his wife should join in them, and at last requiring her to go to her daughter's house, and curse her in the name of the God of her people whom she had forsaken. A sullen fire gleamed for an instant in Huldah's eyes. She had been a submissive wife; but her husband counted too much, in this instance, upon her old habit of obedience. She put on her capote, and set out for her daughter's house, saying in her heart, "How shall I curse whom God hath not cursed?" As she entered the garden-gate, Rue saw her, and, running down the stairs, herself opened the front-door before she knocked; and the two women were locked in eaeh other's arms. Recovering herself, Huldah held her daughter away from her, with a hand on either shoulder, and repeated from the Order of the Priestly Blessing: —

"If she require cure, heal her as thou didst Miriam the prophetess from her leprosy. And,

as thou wast pleased to turn the curse of Balaam the son of Beor to a blessing, be pleased to convert all curses concerning her to a good end."

"Amen," replied Rue meekly; and with her arm around her mother's waist she led her through her new home. In every room Huldah Touro found something to admire. "Ah!" she murmured, "I am indeed like unto Balaam, 'falling into a trance, but having my eyes open; how goodly are thy tents and thy tabernacles!'"

Her admiration culminated when Rue led her out upon the terrace. "'As gardens by the river's side,'" she repeated, "'as the trees of lign-aloes, which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar trees beside the waters. Blessed is he that blesseth thee, and cursed is he that curseth thee.'"

The mother had triumphed over the Jewess.

"There are hours of stony anguish
When the tears refuse to fall;
But the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.
For it wears the eager spirit
As the salt wave wears the stone,
And hope's beauteous garb grows threadbare
Ere its brightest tints have flown;
And among youth's radiant tresses
Silent snows begin to fall,—
Oh! the waiting time, my brothers,—
'Tis the hardest time of all."

UNKNOWN.

CHAPTER XVII.

PLUS ALOES QUAM MELLIS.

IT was through the assistance of Benjamin Franklin that Rosemary and her father were enabled to return in a little sailing-vessel which crossed the ocean under the convoy of the French fleet; but neither she nor Louis d'Osy knew of their neighborhood to one another, and it was equally a surprise to each when they happened to meet in a quiet lane which led from the town to the open fields. They were quite alone. The color faded out of Rosemary's cheeks as she looked up into the well-known face; but she made a prim little courtesy, and was passing bravely on without a word when d'Osy stopped her, his firm grasp on her reluctant hands.

"*Ma sœur!*" he cried, "give me one mo-

ment. Did you but know how I sought you through Paris, when I learned through Toinette that it was Rosemary in whom my mother was interested; did you know how we grieved for you when we found you not, — you would not look so coldly upon me now."

A glad, eager look shone in Rosemary's eyes. "I could not believe it of thee," she faltered: "it was a man's revenge, but I could not believe it of thee."

"And you have not taken the veil as yet?" d'Osy asked. "Have you reconsidered your determination to become a nun?"

"I never thought to become a nun. I know not what can have given thee such a delusion."

"Then what hindered you, *ma sœur*, from marrying me in the old church at St. Jean? What keeps you from me now?"

"I could not marry thee without my father's permission. I cannot wed with thee now without it."

"And that permission my mother might

have gained, for she is a woman of great determination. I am indeed very unhappy."

"Do not grieve, my friend," replied Rosemary. "It was not thy fault, and her importunity might have hardened my father's heart the more against thee: he liketh not to be greatly besought concerning any matter. We have done what we could; and, if thou wilt patiently wait with me, I doubt not but we shall see the Spirit working for us. It has been borne in upon my mind that I must faithfully fulfil the duties which God hath laid upon me, before I ask him for more sacred and sweeter ones."

"I will wait, sweet saint," replied d'Osy; "but can I not meet you in society? can I not press your hand, or speak to you now and then while I remain in Newport?"

"Nay," replied Rosemary, with a quiver of the lip: "it were only a sore trial and temptation to us both; but, if thou hast any message for me, thou mayest send it through Royal

Coddington's wife, whom thou wilt often meet."

And with this arrangement Louis d'Osy was obliged to content himself. He had plenty of opportunities for meeting Rue. Newport was very gay now with balls and assemblies. Royal had been brought up too soberly to care for

> "The dull farce, the empty show,
> Of powder, pocket-glass, and beau;"

but Rue enjoyed it, and the beautiful Jewess was the reigning toast.

Washington came to Newport; and Mrs. Cowley's assembly-rooms were decorated by Dezoteux, while Rochambeau and his suite took the instruments from the musicians, and played "A Successful Campaign," as Washington opened the ball with one of Newport's loveliest daughters upon his arm, and the Duc de Lauzun followed with Rue.

At all the gay entertainments the fascinating little bride made her appearance. She

rode out to see the reviews. She drifted on the bay at midnight to view the brilliant fireworks. She was as intoxicated with all this pleasure as a humming-bird in a vine of blossoming honeysuckle. And wherever Rue was, there Louis d'Osy was also to be found. He called frequently; and Royal saw with a vague disquiet that they had some secret in common, a topic of great interest to the young Frenchman, on which they often conversed in French with seriousness. He was too proud to ask a single question; but it pained him that Rue did not herself give him the key, doubtless a very simple one, to these conversations.

He drew a long breath of relief, when, at the close of the summer, the cavalry went into winter-quarters, and d'Osy made his farewell call before retiring with the Duc de Lauzun to Lebanon, Conn. The winter was coming, and his wife would be his own again.

It was a trying summer to Rosemary as well. Her father had returned broken in

health, as well as disappointed in all his plans. He kept his bed now, demanding her constant attention. All summer long d'Osy was near her, and she denied herself the pleasure of meeting him, though she was not without assurances of his love and constancy; for Rue came to her every morning, bringing with her the flowers which he had left with her the evening before. This was the secret which troubled Royal: he saw the flowers, but did not understand their mission, and every rose and forget-me-not which comforted Rosemary was a thorn to him. Moses Lopez had several times met his niece carrying the floral love-letters, and she had explained her errand to him.

"It is all right and appropriate," he said to himself: "flowers are for youth and for promises; fruit is for age, and denotes the giving of the last, the all that one has to give before the coming of the snow: I will send her fruits."

And so each evening he left a little offering of fruit at her door. Now it was a huge leaf filled with thimble-berries, now luscious pears that filled the room with their perfume, or a basket of glorious-cheeked peaches. Sometimes he sent the first fruits from a little schooner which had smuggled its way in from some distant port, — a box of dates, a jar of preserved Othmanee quinces, queer pots with Oriental decoration containing candied ginger or sultanee citron, Zante currants and purple prunes.

Rosemary understood the language of the flowers; but the fruits spoke an unknown tongue, and there was none to interpret. Moses Lopez came often to see them, holding long conversations with Selah Greene; and the two agreed in that miraculous way in which true-hearted men always will agree, no matter how widely different their creeds. Selah Greene had made deep inroads upon his little property: he saw himself near his end, and for

the first time in his life was anxious for the future of his daughter. "I should have loved to leave her provided for," he said, in one of his confidential chats with Moses Lopez: "but she had no liking for the young man Royal Coddington; and truly I feel no drawings toward Eliakim Krawl as a son-in-law, though I fear that her affection may light upon one even less worthy."

"When thou art gone," said Moses Lopez, "I will, if thou approve, become a guardian to the maid, and will care for her as for mine own daughter."

There was a quiver in his voice as he pronounced the last word, which made Selah Greene look up with quicker apprehension than was usual to him. He took the Jew's hand in his own. "Is it true, friend Lopez," he asked, "that thou lovest my daughter?"

"It is true," he replied. "I have loved her long and faithfully: but I have not spoken to her, for I regarded the disparity of our years;

nor to thee, on account of the wide difference in our religions."

Selah Greene opened a Bible that lay upon a stand beside his bed. "It is not without divine leading that meditation sprang up in my heart during the night that is past, concerning this passage," he said, pointing to the words, "God hath showed me that I should not call any man common or unclean." "Thou art not far, friend Moses, from the kingdom of God; and I believe that thou wilt yet acknowledge Jesus as the Messias. If thou canst do that, I know of no one to whom I would gladlier commit my daughter; and, if thou wilt call her unto me, I will speak to her concerning this matter."

"Not now, not now," exclaimed Moses Lopez. "Her mind is filled with anxiety concerning thee at the present time. Write rather what thou hast to say upon paper, and at the proper time I will give it to her."

Moses Lopez handed him paper and a quill;

and Selah wrote for some time, giving the result to the Jew, who read it through to the end, saying simply, "It is well." As he folded it, and placed it within his coat, Rosemary entered the room; and Selah Greene, in answer to her unspoken question, remarked, "I have made friend Moses Lopez thy guardian, my child. He will care for thee when I am gone, and explain to thee my wishes concerning thy future. Promise me that thou wilt respect his counsels in all things as those of thy father." And Rosemary promised with streaming eyes. She could not bear any allusion to life without her father. Not so Selah himself: he had lived the

> "Life that dares send
> A challenge to Life's end;
> And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend."

He looked up wistfully. "I would that I might see thee a Christian before I die, friend Moses."

But Lopez shook his head. "I am not ready yet," he replied; "but make thyself easy. I will not claim my prize till I have earned it."

"*By the fireside tragedies are acted.*"

LONGFELLOW.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LIGHTING OF THE FIRE.

ROYAL CODDINGTON sat by his own hearthstone, a proud and happy man. He had taken away the fire-board, and had brought down the brass andirons and fender from the attic, had dragged in the great back-log, and built carefully the pile of smaller boughs and chips, and at last the flame was crackling. Rue had followed his work with the dust-brush, and had brought some cushions; and now they sat upon the floor like two happy children, watching the

> "Swift little troops of silent sparks
> Go threading the soot-forests' tangled dark,
> Like herds of startled deer."

All summer long the swallows had chirped and fluttered in the chimney; all summer long

guests had piped and danced in the house. The house and chimney were alike large and hospitable, like the householder's heart; but this beginning of their true home-life had something in it especially solemn and tender to Royal; and he felt that he had lighted the flames of some sacred altar. Rue basked in the light and warmth with a pleasure almost feline. She nestled her head upon her husband's shoulder, giving it a little bite. "Have you ever seen such ugly tiles?" she asked, pointing to the history of Joseph, which framed the fireplace.

"I suppose the governor chose them," replied Royal, "because his name was Joseph."

Rue made a little grimace. "I shall not believe that story of this Madame Potiphar."

"But, Rue, it is in the Bible."

Rue shrugged her shoulders. "I shall think it was quite right, Joseph to be put in prison with those baker and butler," she insisted obstinately. "It is more probable as a man

should tell one lie as a woman should be so bad."

"We will give her the benefit of the doubt," replied Royal lightly. Shortly after, as he was walking alone by the seashore, he met Eliakim Krawl. He could not endure the man, and would willingly have passed on without noticing him, but Eliakim would not suffer him to do so. He had just come from holding a conversation with Selah Greene, in which he had disclosed his long-cherished ambition, and had been informed that Rosemary was promised to Moses Lopez on condition of his becoming a Christian. The news was a great surprise. He had never looked upon the Jew as a rival. D'Osy and Royal Coddington he had thought well out of the way: his hopes had been high; and, now that they were dashed to the ground, his desire of revenge was intense. He had no doubt that this arrangement had been effected through the agency of Rue, whom he knew to be a fre-

quent visitor at the house; and he determined to let her feel the full extent of his malice.

"I have heavy news for thee, Royal Coddington," he said, "concerning her whom thou deemest thy wife."

"I have no longing for your news, Master Eliakim," replied Royal; "so go your ways, and find a customer more eager for your wares."

"Have a care, Royal Coddington: what I have to say concerns thee deeply. It were well if thou hadst known it before thou hadst entered into sinful alliance with a daughter of the Evil One."

Royal's answer was a blow, which left Eliakim's teeth loose and chattering.

"You have said too much not to say more;" and Royal emphasized each word with a twist of Eliakim's neckcloth. "Tell me what you mean before I strangle you."

Thoroughly frightened, Eliakim asserted that he had seen Rue married in St. Jean to the young marquis Louis d'Osy.

"What proof have you of this, other than your worthless word?" Royal asked, loosing his grasp.

"Only this letter," replied Eliakim. "I took it from the coat of the young man on my last evening in the Pyrenees. It was this letter which minded me to repair unto the idol-house, where I swear unto thee that I saw the Marquis d'Osy, whom I well know, take upon himself the vows that never can be broken with the wicked Jewess; she wearing a light-red gown bedecked with many frills, and flummery of lace wrapped about her head."

Royal hardly listened to him: his manner more than his words indicated that he thought he spoke the truth.

"Have you spoken of this to any other?"

"Nay."

"Then, keep silence from this time forth until I bring thee the proof that thou hast lied;" and, putting the letter in his pocket, he walked rapidly homeward.

There was no one in the house. Rue was with Rosemary, and he sat down alone by the fireside to puzzle out the letter. It was in French; but it was not long, and with the aid of a dictionary it was not hard to make out the meaning. It was addressed to the Marquis d'Osy, was signed "R.," and contained the promise of marriage which Eliakim had professed to have seen celebrated. There was only one way to prove the story a lie, and the letter a forgery. He must see d'Osy. He owed this, not only to Rue and to himself, but to a personage who was occupying the thoughts of both much at this time. The child that was to be must find waiting it a heritage of unquestioned honor.

As to breathing a syllable of this to Rue, allowing her to suppose for one instant that he doubted her, — that malicious stories were circulated concerning her, — it should never be. Thank God, he did not doubt her; and he believed too confidently in Eliakim's cow-

ardice to fear a repetition of the scandal. He sat looking at the fire with the letter in his hand: a saying of Solomon's concerning jealousy came to his mind, — "The coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame." There could be no jealousy here, he told himself, since there was no occasion for it; and yet he could not help likening himself to the great back-log which he had brought in that morning, stolid and honest, sound-hearted and true. The light flames that leaped and crackled about it had no effect on its iron soundness; it had been slow to ignite: but he had labored hard; and when at last it took fire, it had burned with a fierceness that frightened him, and had thrown out such a shower of fiery sparks, that even he had been forced to draw back. And now the stanch old log was only a bed of coals; but the heat which they threw out was like that spoken of in the text, "most vehement." The fire in his heart raged more and more, and almost palsied the power

of thought. He must go at once, but he must think of some good reason with which to satisfy Rue. He heard her step in the hall now. She came up behind him, and blinded his eyes with her hand. "Guess a little," she said, "who it shall be."

"My own true wife," he replied; and he drew her down beside him with her head upon his shoulder as they had sat that morning. She was grave and silent, and for a few moments neither spoke. It was Rue who first broke the silence: "Mr. Greene is not so much better: I think he shall die."

"I am very sorry. What is to become of Rosemary?"

"Ah! you have justly come at my wish, that I might have her with me for some times."

"Yes: that will be best; she will be company for you while I am gone."

"Gone? But, my friend, you are not gone already!"

"I must go, Rue. The country has need of

me; and you know you never made any bargain with me to give up war for your sake. If I were to remain, I would not like to see Rosemary in this house. I do not like to think that we have either of us ever cared for any one but each other. But you will be her best comforter; and, if her father dies, keep her till I return. You will not detain me, Rue: I *must* go."

"I will not detain you of any thing you shall wish. It will give us the opportunity to write some love-letters, — the one to the other."

Royal started violently: he had never seen his wife's handwriting; here was a chance to compare it with the letter in his pocket. "Write this address, Rue: it is the one to which you may send your letters."

Rue wrote as he dictated, in a graceful, flowing hand, with shaded curves and delicate hair-lines, altogether a different chirography from the cramped lettering which purported to be hers. Rue could not then know why her hus-

band drew her so closely to him on reading the unimportant words she had written.

The next day Royal joined the Rhode-Island militia, which had been placed under the command of Gen. Lafayette, and shortly afterward marched for Washington's headquarters.

"So all day long the noise of battle rolled."

TENNYSON.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BATTLE OF YORKTOWN.

THE fortunes of war kept Royal Coddington and the Marquis d'Osy long apart. He had told Rue the truth when he said that he could no longer bear to remain quietly at home while his country's battles were being fought by others; but just now his own private interests were uppermost, and he had hoped that by enlisting under Lafayette he would soon have an opportunity of meeting d'Osy. Instead of this, he could not have chosen a more effectual means of keeping away from him, as Lafayette set out almost immediately with his command to join the Army of the South. The expedition against Arnold occupied them until their junction in May with the forces of Baron Steuben opened the campaign

with Cornwallis, who concentrated his forces in August at Yorktown and Gloucester. The Southern summer had had its enervating effect upon the troops. It seemed to Royal that his brain was parched, and his heart a cinder. With the physical fever that burned in his veins, came the madness of doubt. "What if, after all, Eliakim Krawl had told the truth?"

Letters came, at long intervals, in Rue's beautiful hand. But the flowing letters no longer dispelled his doubt as at first. If she had written the note, which he carried with him like a talisman of evil, what more natural than that she should have written it in a feigned hand? Would the time never come when he could learn the truth from d'Osy's lips? If he had married Rue, and deserted her, then his soul should account for its crime to God, and that speedily.

The days burned slowly on. The fleet of the Count de Grasse floated into the Chesa-

peake, and Cornwallis was hemmed in by land and sea. Still Lafayette did not attack him, and it was rumored among the men that he was waiting for important re-enforcements. On the 14th of September, the rumor was verified by the arrival of Gen. Washington and the Count de Rochambeau, their entire army following them on the 25th. Yorktown was in a state of siege; the Americans stationed on the right, and the French upon the left, forming a semicircle to the York River, and embracing the doomed city with unloving arms. Lauzun's legion invested Gloucester. The West-India fleet kept guard in the offing: the reduction of the city was only a matter of time. Under the strict discipline that now existed, there was no opportunity for paying visits: it was enough to know that somewhere on the left, among the troops commanded by the Baron de Viomenil, was Louis d'Osy, and this knowledge made the issues of the siege a very little thing to Royal.

On the 11th of October two parallels had been completed; but the second and nearest to the British was exposed to the raking fire of two redoubts, which Washington determined to silence by assault with the bayonet. The story of this assault has become history. We all know how the two redoubts were carried simultaneously, the one by a party of the American light infantry, headed by Lafayette, and the other by a detachment of French grenadiers and chasseurs, led by the Baron de Viomenil. Louis d'Osy stood beside his colonel, de l'Estrapade, with the flag of the regiment of Gatinois in his hand, its silken folds just touching his hair. The regiment had been formed from that of Auvergne, which had won honors in previous campaigns, and was the one chosen to open the attack. Rochambeau addressed them briefly, closing his remarks with the words, —

"My brave fellows, if I should want you to-night, I trust you will not have forgotten that

we served together in the regiment of Auvergne *sans tache.*"

They replied that if the old name could be restored to their regiment, they would die to the last man.

"And," adds Rochambeau in his memoirs, "they kept their word, rushed to the attack like lions, and nearly one-third died the death of the brave; and the king, at my request, placed his sign-manual to the ordinance by which the title of Royal Auvergne was restored to this body of men."

Royal Coddington was one of the American assaulting party who rushed impetuously to the charge with unloaded arms, depending upon their bayonets alone, instantly overpowering the enemy, with a loss of only nine killed and thirty wounded. That the French had had harder work with their redoubt, he was sure on the arrival of the Baron de Viomenil's answer to Lafayette's message, "I am in my redoubt, where are you?" — an

answer almost equally brief, but implying fierce resistance by its tone of determination, "Not in mine yet, but will be in five minutes."

And so he was, but at the expense of the loss of one-third of the Royal Auvergne. Before dawn the two redoubts were made a part of the works of the besiegers, their pieces turned against Yorktown. Washington, in his general orders for the next day, highly complimented the gallantry of this double charge, concluding with the remark, —

"The general reflects, with the highest degree of pleasure, on the confidence which the troops of the two nations must hereafter have in each other. Assured of mutual support, he is convinced there is no danger which they will not cheerfully encounter, no difficulty which they will not bravely overcome."

He was mistaken as far as Royal Coddington was concerned; for the feeling which glowed in his breast toward the French allies

was hardly one of gratitude and confidence. The taking of the two redoubts was the beginning of the end. On the night of the 16th Cornwallis made a desperate sortie, but was driven back by the Viscount de Noailles. On the morning of the 17th the enemy beat a parley; and on the 19th the articles of capitulation were signed, the garrisons marching out in the afternoon, and surrendering their arms.

The next day Royal Coddington obtained permission to hold an interview with an officer in the French lines, and presented himself at the headquarters of the Baron de Viomenil to ascertain the whereabouts of the Marquis d'Osy.

"We have his name," said the baron's aide-de-camp, "in the list of those dangerously wounded at the storming of the redoubt. You had better apply to the surgeon of the battalion for permission to see him."

The surgeon gave Royal the requisite per-

mission, and directed him to the tent in which d'Osy lay.

"Do you think his case a doubtful one?" asked Royal.

"Not at all," replied the surgeon.

"Then he will recover?"

"Impossible! These English know nothing of the science of war: they make their bullets big enough to kill a camel; there is no opportunity for delicate surgical operations. One might easily be shot through the neck with a French bullet, and survive: but these beasts of English make their balls as big as one's fist; it is not at all amusing."

"Is he delirious?"

"Certainly: the fever is at its height; but that cannot last. If you are at liberty, you can remain with him during the night: it is possible he may have a few minutes of sanity before the supreme moment."

" O wild west wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow and black and pale, and hectic red
If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear,
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee,
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength.
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed."

SHELLEY.

CHAPTER XX.

THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

IT was in the wild and windy month of March, that Selah Greene's spirit passed away. All through the winter Rosemary had served him tenderly, lovingly, but with a yearning hunger in her eyes, waiting for the permission which did not come, the sanction of her marriage with Louis d'Osy.

One night the wind raged more furiously than usual. She could see the elm in front of the house wrestling with it in the moonlight, throwing down great branches, writhing and twisting as one in mortal struggle. She could hear the boom of the breakers on the shore; but, in spite of the tumult and noise without, her father slept peacefully. At dawn the wind-storm changed in character: it was

no longer furious and passionate, but had a solemn and stately sound. It was such a wind as De Quincey heard as he stood beside his sister's corpse, — a wind "that might have swept the field of mortality for a thousand centuries, uttering a hollow Memnonian but saintly swell, the one great audible symbol of eternity."

Selah Greene awoke, and asked Rosemary to read the one hundred and third Psalm. As she reached the words, "As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth; for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more," she heard a gentle sigh, and, looking up, saw that his spirit had fluttered away upon that solemn wind to meet the Father of spirits.

After the simple funeral, she removed to Rue's home, where she found her hands busied in the preparation of caps and robes for the welcoming of Royal Coddington's little one, —

so nearly hand in hand through this world walk the angels of death and birth.

The two friends were all in all to each other now, and were never apart. They stood together in the garden one morning, when Rosemary noticed Eliakim Krawl coming toward them. Not wishing to speak to him, she turned, and entered the house. Rue remained, standing with her hand resting carelessly upon the very gate-post where she had broken the miniature and called down misfortune upon her own head.

Eliakim paused, and regarded her malevolently. "Wherefore didst thou send Rosemary into thy dwelling when thou sawest me to approach?" he asked.

"I did not send her," replied Rue. "She evaded herself for the unpleasantness which she has of speaking with you."

Eliakim smiled an evil smile. "I know thy wiles, proud mistress: think not that it is hidden from me that thou hast stolen Rosemary

from me, or that I forgive thee for the same. Has Royal Coddington yet met with thy husband, and has he sent thee word of their meeting?"

Rue turned with dignity, intending to enter the house without reply; but Eliakim persisted. "Has he not at least sent thee the vindication of thy innocence, which he promised to do if so be he found my words false concerning thee?"

Rue paused. "What did you lie to my husband, that he should trouble himself for your words?"

"I told no lie, proud mistress; but I gave him the love-letter which thou wrotest Louis d'Osy on the evening before thy marriage with him in St. Jean."

"I have never write letter of love to any man but my husband. I have never marry myself with any man but Royal Coddington. You have tell one lie: you shall account to it on the Day of Judgment."

She staggered into the house murmuring,

"The curse, the curse, it has fallen at last!" and sank in a fit upon the hall floor.

Through the evil days that followed, Madam Touro and Rosemary watched over Rue as she battled for her life. The babe had Royal Coddington's moon-face and blue eyes: he lay contentedly in Rosemary's arms, and knew and cared nothing for the great world outside. Moses Lopez came every day. The first morning that he was admitted to his niece's room, he said to Rosemary, "Her trouble is a mental one: you must find out what is upon her mind, and then we can tell whether there is any hope."

The next day Rue opened her eyes wearily. She was conscious, and there was no fever. In answer to Rosemary's gentle questioning, she confided to her all her trouble.

"I do not comprehend to it at all: it is one cruel mystery. I do not think it shall be explain."

"I understand it very well, dear Rue," re-

plied Rosemary. "I have only to see your husband, and all will be well."

"I cannot so believe," replied Rue: "it is the curse of which I have cursed myself. I know not how I shall come out of it."

"Thou hast forgotten God," said her uncle to her; "but turn to him now with all thy heart, and see how he will make all thy paths straight before thee." To Rosemary he said, "You must go to Royal Coddington at the first opportunity; and may the Almighty aid thee in thy efforts for the extinguishment of slander, and the union of loving hearts!"

Not long after this the Count de Barras sailed from Newport with a French squadron to co-operate with Lafayette on the Chesapeake. Moses Lopez offered the count the use of his privateer ship, "The New Broome," laden with hospital stores, and provided with accommodations for four nurses, among whom was Rosemary. This private sanitary commission was accepted with eagerness by the count, who

foresaw the probable need of much lint and many bandages. Moses Lopez accompanied Rosemary to the ship, assiduous in every thoughtful provision for her comfort.

"It is possible that you may see the young man Louis d'Osy before you return," he said, at the last moment, handing her a sealed document. "Your father gave me a message to you concerning him, which you will find writ in this paper."

He wrung her hand, and was gone; and Rosemary locked the letter from one in Paradise, in her own little medicine-chest. She could not trust herself to look at it just then. The sails were swelling with a breeze that was almost a gale; and the vessel leaped through the water as though it knew that it was carrying her to her beloved. Was it possible that they were to be united at last? She had waited long, and been patient. This reward was inexpressibly precious, but surely she deserved it.

"J'ai goûté de tous les plaisirs,
J'en ai gardé les souvenirs ;
À présent je m'ennuie,
Je quitterais sans regret,
Gaiment je ferai mon paquet.
Bonsoir, la compagnie."

GABRIEL CHARLES DE LATTRIGNANT.

CHAPTER XXI.

BONSOIR, LA COMPAGNIE.

IT was evening when Royal Coddington lifted the curtain of the tent, and stood by the bedside of Louis d'Osy. He was delirious; and his hand, pale and finely moulded as a girl's, moved restlessly upon the rough blanket. He imagined it a canvas, and that he held his palette and brushes. He was painting with his old master, Greuze, a Flight into Egypt, with a wonderful Madonna. He sang scraps of songs, "*Quand on est mort c'est pour longtemps*," and a plaintive little ditty, having the refrain, —

"*Les cendres s'echauffent encore,*
Mais ne se rallument jamais."

He raved of the *fête* at Château d'Osant, of the pictures of Watteau and Boucher and the

masterpieces of David. He did not recognize Royal, sometimes fancying him Greuze, and at others calling him mother. About midnight he became calmer, singing to himself in a low crooning manner, as though he were quieting a child to rest, the words of his favorite song, and murmuring, —

"En Dieu je me fie :
Il ne peut que me mener bien,
Aussi je n'appréhende rien.
Bonsoir, la compagnie."

He fell asleep. Royal watched him intently: the surgeon had said that he would probably have a few sane moments before his death; and it seemed to him that the fever was dying out. A great fear came over him that d'Osy's soul would pass in sleep, and leave the doubt that tormented him unsolved. He dared not waken him; but he took out the letter which had poisoned his happiness, and spread it upon the blanket, where d'Osy's glance could not fail

to fall when he awoke. Then he slipped his hand beneath, and laid it upon his heart. It was beating feebly: the fever had left him, and his feet were alarmingly cold. He hastened to the bivouac-fire, and brought a hot stone, which he placed at his feet.

D'Osy opened his eyes. "Cold, cold!" he murmured with blue lips, and a frame that shivered from the cold that came not from without, but within. Royal felt that this was his last opportunity: he pointed to the letter, and read it aloud. "Did you ever receive this letter?" he asked, "or is it a forgery?"

A glad light beamed from the dying man's eyes. "Thank you for bringing it," he said with difficulty. "I lost it; I forget how; I can't think. I am going to sleep; please lay it on my lips, that I may kiss it."

His eyes closed wearily, but Royal desperately attempted to rouse him. "Did you really marry her?" he asked. "Try to answer me. Your soul will soon be in the presence of its

God. Answer me truly, I adjure you." But d'Osy only moved slightly, his blue lips whispering, "Cold, cold!"

Royal hurried again to the camp-fire: there was only an ember left, with not enough fire to heat another stone; but he threw off his coat, and, filling it with the warm ashes, carried them to the tent, and packed them about d'Osy's body and feet. The warmth revived him; and again his eyes, with the clear light of consciousness in them, looked into the agonized appealing ones of Royal Coddington: "Tell me, I implore of you, Louis d'Osy, is she your wife, or mine?"

"I stood with her before Our Lady of Deliverance," said d'Osy slowly, his mind groping its way back in the effort to reply to Royal, "and the priest was reading the service, and — and" — The expression of his face changed, his lips quivered still, but there was no sound.

Royal flew again to the fire, willing to bring

live coals in his bare hands; but there were no coals to bring. The ember fell apart, and one bright spark flickered into darkness, the ashes falling with the half-articulate sound which has been interpreted by another in the word "Hush!"

He returned to the tent with more ashes: but he threw them into the air as he entered the door, and they fell upon his own head; for d'Osy lay with wide, unseeing eyes, and a face rendered beautiful and terrible by the touch of death.

His words had been plain enough, however. There was no longer any doubt: there was only a horrible certainty of evil.

"*He shall utterly destroy death forever, and the Lord God shall wipe away the tear from every face; and the reproach of his people shall he remove from off the whole earth, for the Lord hath spoken it.*"

LAST WORDS OF THE JEWISH PRAYER BOOK.

CHAPTER XXII.

"NEXT YEAR IN JERUSALEM."

MOSES LOPEZ stood before a great temptation. He had only to renounce Judaism to become armed with Selah Greene's sanction to a proposal for Rosemary's hand. He well knew that with such a nature as hers, paternal authority would be well-nigh final; and it seemed very probable to him that the prize he had so long coveted would be his. The temptation was the greater because at heart he had long since verged widely from the faith of his fathers. Daily his prayer, like that of all faithful Jews, ended with the petition that another year might witness the restoration of his people to Jerusalem; but the words for him had taken on an allegorical signification, and he would have considered banishment

to the Orient a sad punishment. His position was very similar to that occupied by liberal Hebrews of the present day. He regarded Christianity as the preserver of the faith of Israel, and not a distinctively different form of belief. "The early Christians," he said to Selah Greene at one time, "took their religion directly from the Jews, and have guarded it through all the centuries from polytheism. Our religion is the same; and, instead of antagonism, there should be perfect union in our worship of one and the same God."

His opinions in regard to Christ were not quite so satisfying to his hearer. He had given up looking for a Messiah, being of the opinion that the time indicated by the prophecies had passed. As to Jesus of Nazareth, he was willing to admit that the rabbis of that time might have been mistaken; for he was certainly a talented Jew, and a young man upon whom was the spirit of God.

It would have taken but a little stretching

of his opinions to have admitted Moses Lopez into some of our Christian churches.

He took down one of his Hebrew books to read, as he always did when his mind was ruffled: perhaps here he would find something that would decide this crisis in his life. The book which his hand fell upon was the writings of Rabbi Eliezer Ben Jehuda, published in 1238.

"If thou hadst lived," he read, "in the dread days of martyrdom, and the peoples had fallen on thee to apostatize from thy faith, thou wouldst surely, as did so many, have given thy life in its defence. Well, then, fight now the fight laid on thee in the better days, — the fight with evil desire; fight and conquer. Be a man in thy youth; but if thou wert then defeated in the struggle, return, return at last to God, and even in the later days thou wilt find healing and safety in his hands."

He had read enough. The purchase of Rosemary against her will by apostasy from

his faith stood out in its true light; and he took up Selah Greene's letter, intending to tear it in pieces. A sudden thought stayed his hand, and he re-read it carefully.

"TENDER HEART AND TRUE, MY DAUGHTER ROSEMARY, — As I lie at heaven's gate, waiting my Lord's word to fetch me in, I am minded, strange to say, more of thy present and future state in this world than of the glories that await me. I would fain have seen thee united before my departure with one whose heart pants for thee. Thou hast passed through dark, afflicting times, owing to my blindness and stubbornness of heart concerning thee; but the Lord hath anointed mine eyes, and caused me to see more clearly respecting spiritual things. He hath taught me not to call any man common or unclean: therefore, when one cometh seeking thy love, though he be not of our nation, or of our manner of worship, ask only whether he believeth savingly on the Lord Jesus Christ; and, if so be that he can answer acceptably to that question, follow the leadings of thine own heart thereafter: and may the Almighty bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee, and give thee peace."

It came to Moses Lopez as an inspiration, that the condition which Selah Greene had inserted for him could be much more conscientiously fulfilled by Louis d'Osy, to whom the whole letter seemed in a most remarkable manner to apply.

He believed that Rosemary loved the young Frenchman, and that the letter with this interpretation would render her happy. Nobly he fought the battle placed before him in his later days, — fought and conquered; and Rosemary, reading the letter as the ship glided into the Chesapeake, had no thought of the man for whom it was written: her heart was full of grateful praise that she had been able to wait so long, and that at last happiness was near.

For Moses Lopez the frail hope that had fed his hungry heart like manna in the wilderness for long years was gone. To him, in his desolation, the poet's bitter questioning might well have been addressed, —

"When, like torn books, sad days weigh down each other
I' the dusty shelf,
O man! what art thou, O my friend, my brother!
Even to thyself?"

And he could have replied triumphantly, "This is the year of our captivity; but for all of our lamentation there shall be jubilee — next year in Jerusalem."

"If indeed
In some old garden thou and I have wrought,
And made fresh flowers spring up from hoarded seed,
And fragrance of old days and deeds have brought
Back to folk weary, all was not for nought."

WILLIAM MORRIS.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SPRIG OF ROSEMARY

AS Royal walked wearily back to the French surgeon's quarters, he noticed in the door of one of the hospital-tents the figure of a woman. Her face was turned away from him toward the dawn, and he had no thought of whom it might be; but the simple Quaker dress attracted him, and he wondered if there were a settlement of Friends in the neighborhood. He had passed the tent, and was sinking helplessly in the mire of his own sad thoughts again, when he heard a quick, light step behind him, and turning, recognized Rosemary. Her face was sweetly solemn, but a glad light shone in it. "I have good news for thee, friend Royal," she said, laying her hand upon his arm.

Something in his look alarmed her. "Thou hast had evil tidings?" she asked.

"I have just come from Louis d'Osy's death-bed," he replied with cruel abruptness.

"Nay, nay," cried Rosemary, "this cannot be; take me to him quickly." She sped into the tent, and returned with the little tortoise-shell inlaid medicine-chest which Moses Lopez had given her, the letter from her father still lying between a pillow of poppy-leaves and little bundles of arnica and vials of pungent tinctures. They walked together in silence, Rosemary a little in advance, apparently knowing by intuition every turning which Royal would take. When he entered the tent, he found her kneeling by the pallet, the letter, which in his strong excitement he had neglected to take away, in her hands. "Louis, Louis!" she moaned, "was the thought of me last in thy heart? my poor letter last before thine eyes?"

"*Your* letter!" repeated Royal in blank

amazement: but she suffered him to ask no question; for, lifting her ear suddenly from d'Osy's heart, she pushed Royal toward the tent-door. "Go! go for surgeon Destouches," she cried: "he is not dead. God could not suffer it."

Rarely, indeed, does God suffer a child of his to trust in him as Rosemary had trusted, only to be disappointed at the last. When he seemingly does this, we may be assured that the disappointment is not the last chapter of the story, but that there will come a sequel by and by of full compensation.

Rosemary was right: Louis d'Osy was not dead. Through long days of helplessness he drifted back to life and health. He opened his eyes dreamily, to find himself swaying gently in a hammock on board "The New Broome," as it courtesied its way toward Newport. His gaze wandered restlessly a moment, then fixed itself with an expression of infinite comfort upon Rosemary, and the tired lids fell in restful sleep.

When May came round again, there was a wedding at Wanton House, and Moses Lopez gave away the bride. Royal Coddington and his beautiful wife joined their hands during the ceremony, as though it were full of a sacred and tender meaning for them also.

I was told this story by one of their descendants, — a tall and stately girl, with the Touro eyes and courage, and the Coddington tenderness and truth shining in her face. She showed me two miniatures, lying side by side in a worn shagreen case, — one, of the Marchioness Rosemary d'Osy, painted in Paris for the marquis by Madame Le Brun, and reproduced as a gift to the dear friends in America, after Rosemary's death.

On its back, in the quaint hand of Royal Coddington, were inscribed the lines, —

"Her wings are grown, to heaven she's flown,
Yet we cannot forgette;
For Rosemarie, for memorie,
Blooms in our gardens yett."

On the reverse of Rue's miniature, painted by Malbone, the same hand had written, —

"But when I ween that by my sin
Of doubt her eyes were wette,
O'erfills my heart with bitter smart, —
That's Rue, and it's regrette."

Château Osant was destroyed during the Revolution. An old peasant who acted as my guide showed me a tomb in the depths of the forest near its site, — a tomb with a carved escutcheon, and the motto, "To dare is to conquer," thickly covered with moss. One of the last names upon the brass tablet on the door is that of the Marchioness Rosemary. "She never claimed her title but once," said my guide, "and that was during the Reign of Terror, when a requisition came to the château from the Committee of Public Safety, for the Marchioness Natalie Marie d'Osy. The dowager marchioness was safely on her way to Brussels, her son escorting her as far as

the frontier. They had no requisition for the wife of the young marquis, the innocent child; but when she read the summons she feared that they might overtake her mother-in-law, and she said to my father, who was valet at the château, 'Keep silence, Jean: tell them only the marchioness will meet them immediately;' and my father is never tired of telling how she came down the grand staircase in a dress of noisy crackling brocade, her hair arranged à la Pompadour with jewels in it, and a touch of rouge on either pale cheek. She looked a princess of the blood, as she stood there so cold and haughty instead of the shrinking little American that all the people of the château knew and loved.

"'I am the Marchioness d'Osy,' she said, as the officer stepped forward; and no one would have believed at that moment that she was not an aristocrat.

"The accusation had been made by a certain *citoyenne* known as l'autre Toinette, who had

formerly been one of the servants of the château. When the marquis returned, he was wild with grief: he implored his friend the artist David, they say, who was then highly influential with the committee, to intercede with Robespierre; but the effort came too late. Doubtless, if it had not been for Monsieur David, he would have himself been executed, for his grief made him careless of his life."

My guide told me also that there was a tradition that the tomb was visited yearly after Rosemary's death by a ghostly but venerable man, whom the peasants called the Wandering Jew. "I myself saw him," he asserted, "when a boy. I was chasing a rabbit in the forest: it ran into a hole beside the tomb, and I hid behind the bushes yonder, determined to wait until it came out.

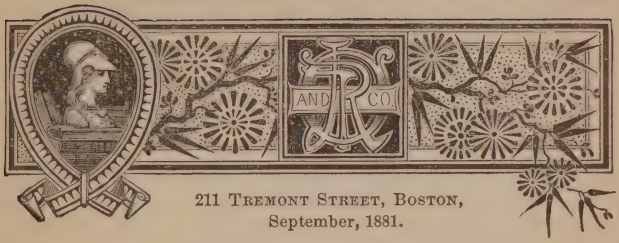
"I heard a step coming up the walk; and I recognized at once the mysterious personage of whom my father had told me, — an old man with a pilgrim's staff in his hand, a long white beard,

a little black skull-cap bound with marten's-fur, and shaggy eyebrows that twisted and writhed as though blown by a whirlwind. He hung above the door a bouquet of dried herbs, like the little fagot with which the priest sprinkles the tombs with holy water on the *Jour des Morts*, muttering as he did so, 'I plucked it in the great desert, on my way from Jerusalem: it is the only plant that grows there.'

"It was the last time that he came; but none of us have touched his fagot of herbs, and some fresh ones sprang up from the seeds in the dried bundle. They grow still in the cranny over the door."

I pressed the whitey-green leaves between my fingers, and they exhaled a pungent, camphor-like odor; for overhanging the door grew

> "The basil tuft that waves
> Its fragrant blossom over graves,
> And, too, the humble rosemary,
> Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed
> To scent the desert and the dead."



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